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THE

AMERICAN SPEAKER:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF PIECES

IN

PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUE;

DESIGNED

FOR EXERCISES IN DECLAMATION, OR FOR OCCASIONAL
READING IN SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE EPES SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS.; AUTHOR OF SCHOOL
DIALOGUES; COMMON SCHOOL BOOK-KEEPING,
AND YOUNG COMPOSER.

IMPROVED EDITION.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & CO.,

No. 51 JOHN-STREET.

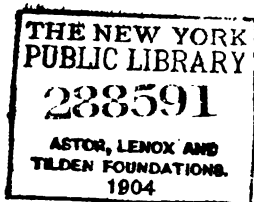
CINCINNATI:—H. W. DERBY & CO.

1856.

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Dep. (Bdg. No.) 7422/54



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HOBART & ROBBINS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY
BOSTON.

P R E F A C E .

ALTHOUGH the exercise of declamation has, of late, received more attention in schools than was formerly devoted to it, still it is true that less consequence is attached to it than its real importance demands. The advantages of frequent practice in "speaking" are so many and so great, that it should receive more prominence, in all our schools. If scholars, at quite an early age, should be trained in the rehearsal of pieces, as a regular school duty, we think it would tend to produce a degree of freedom, force, and naturalness in reading, which could be obtained in no other way; and if the very favorable influence it exerts in promoting distinctness and energy, in this and other branches, was the only benefit to be derived from its practice, it would be entitled to particular consideration.

But there are other advantages resulting from the exercise; and not the least in importance is that which comes from the habit of committing selections to memory,—a custom much less common than formerly, but none the less beneficial.

The compiler of this volume has endeavored to make such a collection of pieces as will meet the wants of schools in the department under consideration. He has taken several selections which have been long before the public, but their merit is such as to entitle them to a permanent rank among lessons for declamation. Some of the pieces possess interest only as adapted to occasional circumstances. It has been a leading design of the compiler to exclude such pieces as breathe a highly martial spirit; and while in some there may be a degree of humor, it will be found that most of them inculcate wholesome sentiments. A volume of similar size, composed

exclusively of dialogues, will be published in a few weeks, in which will be inserted exercises of greater length and variety.

It has not been deemed essential or important to insert rules and directions, because books, abounding in such rules, are already numerous, and because it is believed that the teacher can impart all needed instruction more clearly and efficiently than can be given by any printed directions.

With the earnest hope that the book may be both acceptable and useful, the compiler commends it to the attention of his professional brethren, and to the use of those for whose special pleasure and benefit it has been prepared.

NOTE.—The plates of the “American Speaker” were destroyed by fire soon after the publication of the third edition, and, in preparing a new set, the author has made several changes. The Dialogues in the present edition are entirely different from those in the former editions, and several pieces have been added to the Prose and Poetry parts. A few pieces of Poetry that were in the early editions are omitted in this on account of their length.

Those desirous of obtaining the Dialogues as contained in the first edition, may find them all in the volume of “School Dialogues” recently prepared by the author of this work.

Salem, Mass., March, 1849

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THE AMERICAN SPEAKER.

EXERCISE I.

LIBERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, — the dear purchase of our fathers, — are ours; — ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious parental voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither, with its solicitous eye; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in this relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle, and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children.

Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government. Nature has indeed given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

There is not one of us, who does not at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and benefits of this liberty, and of these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, — let it not have been shed in vain: the great hope of posterity, — let it not be blasted!

EXERCISE II.

FREE SCHOOLS, THE GLORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

I know not, my friends, what more munificent donation any government can bestow, than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors, who by the side of every church in every village plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish; but these, from their very nature, seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal.

The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust: the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public schools, and a living example of their excellence.

Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed, by the weakness of its friends, or the power of its adversaries. It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed, while New England remains free, and her representatives are true to their trust. It must forever count in its defence a majority of all those who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their tal-

ents; for it must be that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them.

What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder, than the thought, that, in weal and in woe, our children are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity?

EXERCISE III.

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right on-

ward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

EXERCISE IV.

CONCLUSION OF A DISCOURSE AT PLYMOUTH.

THE hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of an hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth.

EXERCISE V.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but

he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever, from its face, a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain: but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever

EXERCISE VI.

ADDRESS OF BRUTUS, JUSTIFYING HIS ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive — the benefit of his dying — a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

EXERCISE VII.

ONE CENTURY AFTER WASHINGTON.

GENTLEMEN, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence, and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of a new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders! and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era.

It has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

EXERCISE VIII.

THE CONTRAST.

TURN your eyes upon ancient Athens, the boast and pride of history: there you will behold, on all sides, vast monuments of taste, genius, and elegance. Look also at imperial Rome — I mean as she stood in all her greatness and glory; — you see the majesty of the human intellect unfolded, you see her temples, her palaces, and her monuments of wealth and power. But do you see any hospitals for the sick? — any asylums for the deaf and the dumb, the blind and the aged, the fatherless and the widow, or any for the outcast of the land? The whole empire shows not one.

How, then, will those renowned cities of the olden world and olden times compare with some of the modern towns of the new world? Look at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; look even at many of the little villages in this new country. In these you may see temples and monuments of art and taste; but do you not, also, see hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, poor-houses, bettering-houses, refuge places, penitentiaries, quiet retreats, and snug harbors, open for the reception of every condition of suffering humanity?

What has caused this broad difference between those old cities and our young towns? — between the people of the East, and the people of the West? — between ancient times, and modern times? The Athenians were a splendid people, learned in laws, philosophy, and the sciences; but they were a pagan people; they worshipped a host of gods and goddesses, whose very names are too ridiculous to be recorded.

The Romans, in their primitive state, had no higher objects of veneration than the Athenians; and besides this, they were learned only in the arts of war, and the means of human destruction. And even when a pure religion struggled to the ascendancy in the empire, it was soon corrupted to the most gross and licentious purposes. Even down to the present period, the senseless rites and images mingled with it dishonor the name of

religion; they mock the sanctity of its professors, and rest, like an incubus, upon the spirits of millions.

The same religion in the new world, preserved in its pristine purity, and honored in its efficacy, has put a new face on all that belongs to life. It heals dissensions; loves peace and good will to men; beats the sword into pruning hooks; spreads over the face of the world the works of benevolence; rears monuments of charity; delights in deeds of kindness, and constantly seeks the happiness of all.

EXERCISE IX.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire, — an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Such, the warning voice of antiquity, the example of all republics, proclaim may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit, which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to

revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and we may hail the age as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man, — I am an American !

EXERCISE X.

AMERICA — HER EXAMPLE.

AMERICANS ! you have a country vast in extent, and embracing all the varieties of the most salubrious climes ; held not by charters wrested from unwilling kings, but the bountiful gift of the Author of nature. The exuberance of your population is daily divesting the gloomy wilderness of its rude attire, and splendid cities rise to cheer the dreary desert. You have a government deservedly celebrated “as giving the sanctions of law to the precepts of reason ;” presenting, instead of the rank luxuriance of natural licentiousness, the corrected sweets of civil liberty. You have fought the battles of freedom, and enkindled that sacred flame which now glows with vivid fervor through the greatest empire in Europe.

We indulge the sanguine hope, that her equal laws and virtuous conduct will hereafter afford examples of imitation to all surrounding nations. That the blissful period will soon arrive when man shall be elevated to his primitive character ; when illuminated reason and regulated liberty shall once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker ; when all the inhabitants of the globe shall be freemen and fellow-citizens, and patriotism itself be lost in universal philanthropy. Then shall volumes of incense incessantly roll from altars inscribed to liberty. Then shall the innumerable varieties of the human race unitedly “worship in her sacred temple, whose pillars shall rest on the remotest corners of the earth, and whose arch will be the vault of heaven.”

EXERCISE XI.

FATE OF THE INDIANS.

THERE IS, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies.

Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

EXERCISE XII.

OBLIGATIONS TO THE PILGRIMS.

LET us go back to the rock where the Pilgrims first stood, and look abroad upon this wide and happy land,

owe all this? Doubtless, to the Plymouth Pilgrims. Happily did one of these fearless exiles exclaim, "I thank thee, O God, of all that was past, and of the blessing, and of the glory, that was yet to come, 'God hath chosen this wilderness, that he might gather the choice seed of all kindreds, and plant it in the wilderness.'"

EXERCISE XIII.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Among all the various blessings bequeathed to us by our ancestors of New England—if we except religious freedom—none has stronger claims for our attachment, and demands more imperiously our warmest gratitude, than their early institution of the Common School System. As if endowed with wisdom beyond the age in which they lived, and with a liberality far above the narrowness from which they came out, they were the first to entertain—if not the first to entertain—the important principle, that religious and civil liberty, in the broadest sense, could have a permanent foundation only in a general diffusion of intelligence in the whole community. They were the very first men to declare positively against an exclusive aristocracy in mental cultivation; the first to open freely and fully to all classes and to both sexes the fountains of knowledge; the first to establish and maintain, at the public expense, wherever they felled the forest and founded a settlement—second only to their affections only to the ordinances of religion—the means of public instruction.

And, perhaps, it is no censurable pride in us that we fondly—and, it may be, somewhat boastfully—repeat the fact, that the spot which is now the site of the city of Salem, in the county of Essex and commonwealth of Massachusetts, was the locality of the very first public free school the world ever saw!

To us, then, who are met within the limits of a state so honorably distinguished in the annals of human improvement; to us, who are the descendants of a New England ancestry, and have been nurtured amid New

England institutions; standing as we now do between the illustrious dead, on the one hand, and the rising progeny of such a noble parentage, on the other; charged as we are with the responsible office of ministering with pure hands and devoted hearts to the intellectual growth of a rising multitude, and of perpetuating to others yet to come the blessings we have richly received,—it cannot be uninteresting to pause a few moments, by the way, and inquire what improvements have been introduced, and what advancement we have made, in an enterprise so worthy of its founders, and so necessary to our very existence as a free and self-governing people.

EXERCISE XIV.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more! On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and reëchoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight, together, to the world of spirits.

Adams and Jefferson are no more! As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard.

They are no more! They are dead! But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions—in the offspring of their intellect—in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the

civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

No two men now live, perhaps it may be doubted whether two men have ever lived, in one age, who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thoughts. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its root deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader; and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

EXERCISE XV.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

A FIRM belief in the existence of God will heighten all the enjoyments of life, and, by conforming our hearts to His will, will secure the approbation of a good conscience, and inspire us with the hopes of a blessed immortality. Never be tempted to disbelieve the existence of God, when everything around you proclaims it in a language too plain not to be understood. Never cast your eyes on creation, without having your souls expanded with this sentiment,—"There is a God."

When you survey this globe of earth, with all its appendages; when you behold it inhabited by numberless ranks of creatures, all moving in their proper spheres,

all verging to their proper ends, all animated by the same great source of life, all supported at the same great bounteous table; when you behold, not only the earth, but the ocean, and the air, swarming with living creatures, all happy in their situation; when you behold yonder sun darting an effulgent blaze of glory over the heavens, garnishing mighty worlds, and waking ten thousand songs of praise; when you behold unnumbered systems diffused through vast immensity, clothed in splendor, and rolling in majesty; when you behold these things, your affections will rise above all the vanities of time; your full souls will struggle with ecstasy, and your reason, passions, and feelings, all united, will rush up to the skies, with a devout acknowledgment of the existence, power, wisdom, and goodness of God. Let us behold Him, let us wonder, let us praise and adore. These things will make us happy.

EXERCISE XVI.

EXTRACT FROM A CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE AT SALEM, MASS.

WE stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself! that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction. * * * * * We, who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country,

'Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free.
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms!"

EXERCISE XVII.

RESPONSIBLENESS OF AMERICA.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsible

ness of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair processions chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, — where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, — where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered round immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and

not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sinks before him. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers on every side to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

EXERCISE XVIII.

WHAT MIND IS FREE?

I CALL that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting and seeking, after righteousness.

I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but quicken and exalt, its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the

rights of His children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God, and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing, which no menace or peril can enthral, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free, which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free, which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in His promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

EXERCISE XIX.

SCIENCE.

SCIENCE does not stint man to the blessings of his own skies: she levels the forest, and fashions it to her mind, until the oak floats a gallant ship upon the waters, as on its element; she clothes it with wings, and sends it across the ocean, compelling the very stars to tell the mariner his way whithersoever he would go, that she may pour into the lap of man the blessings of other climes, of which nature has been chary to his own. Thus she binds the families of the earth together in the interests of commerce, enriching each with the good of all. These are the triumphs of science.

And thus she has brought us, step by step, invention after invention, to the present state of civilized man. Nor does she close her labors here. She comes to man as a bride, with the treasures of the earth, the sea and the sky, for her dower; but it is not in her dower, rich and divine though it be, that her chief excellence consists. She is to be loved and prized for herself, as well as for the blessings she brings with her; and they usually woo her most successfully who seek her with no mercenary aims.

He who cultivates an acquaintance with the world in which he lives can never be alone. What is solitude, but the emptiness of an ignorant mind? He who can converse with nature, and ponder on the varied mysteries she brings to his notice, and by which she fills his heart with gratitude and delight, can never be alone. He needs no companionship. Let him wander forth by hill, and brook, and grove,—no rhyming, love-sick, dreaming enthusiast, but a shrewd observer of facts, a searcher after principles and laws,—and nature has enough to occupy, to interest, and improve, in her most common forms, without sending him to libraries for knowledge.

Where the vulgar eye can see only a shapeless mass of rock, revealing nothing to the careless and ignorant, he will detect a chronicle of the past, and tracing it to its native quarry, gather something from it of the stupendous changes which have transpired in our globe. While

others pass by the insect, unheeded in its toil, he will stoop to watch its labors, discover its habits, and admire the Divine wisdom which has fitted it to its sphere. The very clod, which is trod unnoticed by the common foot, in the organization of the humble herb upon it, the root, the stem, the circulation of its juices, and the provision for continuing its kind, is as a page in God's book, where He has stereotyped His power, His wisdom and His goodness. He cannot be a solitary being. The universe is open before him, and he sees everywhere the majesty and loveliness of a higher nature. Where others can perceive nothing, learn nothing, order, beauty and law, are revealed to him. Where others can see but a stone, he sees a God, and worships. He cannot be alone; for, step by step, he learns to understand what a God only could create.

EXERCISE XX.

FIDELITY TO THE FEDERAL UNION.

I would earnestly exhort every son of New England to be faithful forever to the Federal Union. While they exercise, according to their several convictions, their political rights, in opposing all partial and sectional legislation, in resisting the extension, by the national authority, of anti-republican institutions, and discountenancing unrighteousness and injustice in the mode in which the government is administered, let them rejoice in the assurance that, over whatever extent of territory, and from whatever motives of policy, the confederacy is spread, within its boundaries the arts of peace, which are their arts, and were the arts of their fathers, will have an opportunity, such as has never been secured before, to prevail over all the other arts.

If, impelled by the enterprise which marks their race, they follow with their traffic and ingenious industry the conquests of our armies, or open the way for cultivation and civilization to advance into the remotest regions of the West, or pursue their avocations in any quarter of the Union, however inconsistent with their views its

peculiar institutions may be, if they carry their household gods with them, all others will gradually be converted to their principles, and imbued with their spirit. If the sons of New England rear the schoolhouse and the church wherever they select their homes, if they preserve the reliance upon their own individual energies, the love of knowledge, the trust in Providence, the spirit of patriotic faith and hope, which made its most barren regions blossom and become fruitful around their fathers, then will the glorious vision of those fathers be realized, and the continent rejoice, in all its latitudes and from sea to sea, in the blessings of freedom and education, of peace and prosperity, of virtue and religion.

EXERCISE XXI.

THE FATHERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE venerable foundations of our republic, fellow-citizens, were laid, on the very spot where we stand, by the fathers of Massachusetts. Here, before they were able to erect a suitable place for worship, they were wont, beneath the branches of a spreading tree, to commend their wants, their sufferings, and their hopes, to Him that dwelleth not in houses made with hands; here they erected their first habitations; here they gathered their first church; here they made their first graves.

Yes, on the very spot where we are assembled, crowned with this spacious edifice, surrounded by the comfortable abodes of a dense population, there were, during the first season after the landing of Winthrop, fewer dwellings for the living than graves for the dead. It seemed the will of Providence, that our fathers should be tried by the extremities of either season. When the Pilgrims approached the coast of Plymouth, they found it clad with all the terrors of a northern winter:

The sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The Massachusetts company arrived at the close of June. No vineyards, as now, clothed our inhospitable

hill-sides; no blooming orchards, as at the present day, wore the livery of Eden, and loaded the breeze with sweet odors; no rich pastures nor waving crops stretched beneath the eye, along the way-side, from village to village, as if Nature had been spreading her halls with a carpet fit to be pressed by the footsteps of her descending God! The beauty and the bloom of the year had passed. The earth, not yet subdued by culture, bore upon its untilled bosom nothing but a dismal forest, that mocked their hunger with rank and unprofitable vegetation. The sun was hot in the heavens. The soil was parched; and the hand of man had not yet taught its secret springs to flow from their fountains. The wasting disease of the heart-sick mariner was upon the men; and the women and children thought of the pleasant homes of England, as they sunk down from day to day, and died, at last, for want of a cup of cold water, in this melancholy land of promise.

EXERCISE XXII.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

WE thank you, friends, who have come hither on this occasion, to encourage and cheer us with your presence. We thank you, who have gone so far and learned so much, on your journey of life, that you so kindly look back and smile upon us just setting out on our pilgrimage. We thank you who have climbed so high up the Hill of Science, that you condescend to pause a moment in your course, and bestow a cheering, animating glance on us, who, almost invisible in the distance, are toiling over the roughness of the first ascent. May you go on your way in peace, your path, like the sun, waxing brighter and brighter till the perfect day; and may the light of your example long linger in blessings on those of us who shall survive to take your places in the broad and busy world!

We thank you, respected instructors, for your paternal care, your faithful counsels, and affectionate instructions. You have opened before us those ways of wisdom which

are full of pleasantness and peace. You have warned us of danger, when dangers beset our path; you have removed obstacles, when obstacles impeded our progress; you have corrected us when in error, and cheered us when discouraged. You have told us of the bright rewards of knowledge and virtue, and of the fearful recompense of ignorance and vice. In the name of my companions, I thank you — warmly, sincerely thank you for it all. Our lips cannot express the gratitude that glows within our hearts; but we will endeavor, with the blessing of Heaven, to testify it in our future lives, by dedicating all that we are, and all that we may attain, to the promotion of virtue and the good of mankind.

And now, beloved companions, I turn to you. Long and happy has been our connection as members of this school; but with this day it must close forever. No longer shall we sit in these seats to listen to the voice that woos us to be wise; no more shall we sport together on the noisy green, or wander in the silent grove. Other scenes, other society, other pursuits, await us. We must part; — but parting shall only draw closer the ties that bind us. The setting sun and the evening star, which have so often witnessed our social intimacies and joys, shall still remind us of the scenes that are past. While we live on the earth, may we cherish a grateful remembrance of each other; and, oh! in Heaven, may our friendship be purified and perpetuated! And now, to old and young, to patrons and friends, to instructors and associates, we tender our reluctant and affectionate farewell.

EXERCISE XXIII.

THE PEOPLE IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

IN the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unquali-

fied despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning, to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it into strength and fury.

But, in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart, — though I like not war, nor any of its works, — there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks, and everlasting hills, are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and nature, — God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of

sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

EXERCISE XXIV.

KNOWLEDGE AND ENTERPRISE.

WE hear much at present of the veins of gold which are brought to light in every latitude of either hemisphere. But I care not what mines may be opened in the north or in the south, in the mountains of Siberia or the Sierras of California; wheresoever the fountains of the golden tide may gush forth, the streams will flow to the regions where the educated intellect has woven the boundless net-work of the useful and ornamental arts. Yes, sir, if Massachusetts remains true to the policy which has hitherto in the main governed her legislation, a generous wave of the golden tide will reach her distant shores. Let others

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales,
For me —

Yes, for me may poor old rocky, sandy Massachusetts exclaim, —land as she is of the school, the academy, and the college, —land of the press, the lecture-room, and the church,

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.

It matters not if every pebble in the bed of the Sacramento were a diamond as big and as precious as the mysterious Ko-hi-noor, which we read of in the last accounts from India, on whose possession the fate of empire is believed, in those benighted regions, to depend. It matters not if this new Pactolus flow through a region which stretches for furlongs — a tract of solid gold. The

jewels and the ingots will find their way to the great centres of civilization, where cultivated minds give birth to the arts, and freedom renders property secure. The region itself, to which these fabulous treasures are attracting the countless hosts of thrift, cupidity and adventure, will derive, I fear, the smallest part of the benefit. Could they be peopled entirely with emigrants like the rest of those who have taken their departure from among us, and who carry with them an outfit of New England principles and habits, it would be well; but much I fear the gold region will for a long time be a scene of anarchy and confusion, of violence and bloodshed, of bewildering gains and maddening losses, of anything but social happiness, and well-regulated civil liberty.

EXERCISE XXV.

POWER OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

THE power of character, growing out of the free development of the turn of mind of every individual, and the feeling connected with it, that each one may and must choose his own course, open his own path, and determine his own condition, has made New England impregnable, and covered her comparatively stubborn and sterile soil with abundance. This is the secret magic by which her sons command success and wealth wherever they wander. The states included under that name have contracted limits, and are subject to many disadvantages; on the expanding map, or in the multiplying census of the Union, they may appear feeble and insignificant. But their prosperity is sure, and will be perpetual. No power of party, no sectional prejudice, no error of policy, no injustice of government, can permanently or essentially check the career of progress in wealth and civilization, along which the energies of individual ingenuity, enterprise, intelligence, and industry, have from the beginning impelled them.

When this force of individual character, this consciousness of inherent power, is once brought into exercise, and becomes habitual, entering into the frame of the mind, then is man clothed with his true strength. Ob-

stacle, peril, and suffering, serve only to reveal in the heart sources of energy hidden and undreamed of before. The great master of the drama, and of human nature, expounds the principle.

————— “The fire i’ the flint
Shows not, till it be struck.”

One of the most accomplished of the Latin classics declares the effect which trial and difficulty exert in bringing out this mighty force of character, “*Adversa magnos probant.*” All history and observation demonstrate it.

The mind, thrown upon its own resources, and summoning them resolutely to the effort, rises with every emergency, and confronts and surmounts all that can be brought against it. Such was the discipline of the early New England character. Cold, hunger, disease, desolation, grappled with it in vain at the beginning. Neither the tomahawk nor war-whoop of the Indian, nor all the terrors which hung over their defenceless hamlets, could subdue hearts armed with this inward strength. It grew with constant and healthful vigor through all vicissitudes. The neglect of the mother country could not cast a shade dark or damp enough to wither it; the most violent storms of its anger could not break it. Charters were torn away by the ruthless hand of arbitrary power, and every resource of despotism was exhausted to curb and crush it. But all was in vain.

The people, severally and universally, had realized their rights and their power, as men; and a determination to advance their own condition, to retain and enlarge their privileges, thus pervading the entire population, made them superior to all local disadvantages, and triumphant over all opposition. It placed their prosperity beyond the reach of power or fortune. So long as the arm of the settler could wield an axe, or his hand cast a vote; so long as the district schoolhouse opened its doors to impart the knowledge and the mental culture enabling him to understand and maintain his rights, or the village church lifted its spire into the heavens to remind him of that immortal element which, glowing

in his breast, placed him on a level with the highest of his fellow-men, it would be impossible to enslave him, or prevent his progress.

EXERCISE XXVI.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

SUCCESS in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what could their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd, that sank to oblivion around them.

Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery. How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor — upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character, of many fellow-beings — to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive! and which, simply through that want of command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher,

“That truths divine come mended from his tongue”

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this! They lose that holy energy by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

EXERCISE XXVII.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR. .

MEN rush to the contest not only to gratify their own martial passion, but to partake in the glory which crowns great feats of arms. The military feeling is too easily excited in this country for our welfare. It is one of the most unfavorable signs of our political times, that brilliant success in war is such a ready passport to the highest confidence and estimation of the people. It seems as if the skill that can gain a battle was connected in very many minds with every talent and virtue under heaven.

Because we have had a General Washington, who gave victory to our arms, many seem to think that all successful generals must be Washingtons, and that the exchange of a conquering sword for the sceptre of civil dominion, in the father of his country, has fixed the model for all succeeding ages. So war has become a manufacturing of candidates for office. Every new field of blood is another step towards the civil promotion of some of the combatants, — to shoot and be shot at, is a qualification for office; hence men will put on the plume and epaulet, and hasten to the scene of strife, to gain political distinction by killing men. General Taylor's camp has rivalled Congress with multitudes who thirst for distinction, and the road to Mexico has become the path to the highest honors of the state.

Some of the members of Congress have exchanged the Honorable for the Colonel, and have left the arena of combat at Washington, for the bloody field of Mexico, to gain, by the valorous use of the sword, that elevation which they could not reach by eloquence of debate. The

common soldier, who cannot lift his eyes so high as to the summits of political distinction, hurries away from the quiet pursuits of life, to partake in the strifes of a successful campaign, and acquire a petty renown among the inhabitants of his native village. When shall a just estimate of the requisites of our national safety, and a proper application of those talents and pursuits which tend in the highest manner to develop the humane and noble theory of our republican institutions, check that excess of military feeling which bestows such undue honors on the achievements of mighty warriors?

EXERCISE XXVIII.

WAR AND PEACE.

✓ WAR crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is godlike in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization.

God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sydney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has

consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh! far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sydney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood, for so little as a cup of cold water; the world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of War. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields be invoked in its defence. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death!

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow Man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh! let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured: in the good he has accomplished: in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace!

As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps, with all-embracing arms, every land, while it bears on its heaving bosom the products of various climes; so Peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

EXERCISE XXIX.

PROVIDENTIAL AGENCY.

It is, I think, the great error and fault of our times and country, that but little reliance is placed on the overruling and coöperating agency of God, and but little room allowed for it, in the calculations and projects of men. The philanthropists and reformers of the age,

especially, seem to be unmindful of Providential agency. They, as well as the politicians, speak and act as though the salvation of mankind depended upon the adoption of certain measures of theirs, and the cause of human liberty and progress rested mainly on the success of their schemes and efforts. Indeed, there is a too general, if not an almost universal, tendency to look to modifications of government, acts of legislation, and associated movements, as the sole means of promoting the welfare of communities. Men allow themselves to identify the cause of liberty and righteousness with their own favorite notions and projects; and, having come to the conclusion that they must have their way or all will be lost, pursue their purposes with a fanatical, overbearing and unscrupulous spirit.

The oppressions and persecutions with which mankind have been afflicted from the beginning have sprung not from malignity or cruelty, but from the fatal persuasion that the welfare and redemption of the race are inseparably connected with the prevalence of some particular service, or creed, or government. The same cause produces, as far as circumstances allow, the same effect now. The theologian, when he witnesses the decline of any of his own favorite dogmas, feels that the rock on which the Saviour planted his church is crumbling beneath it. The politician, when the elections have terminated in the overthrow of his party and the access to power of his opponents, sinks into despair of the republic. The philanthropist, when the particular plan he has long been urging upon the public, as the only adequate means of ameliorating the condition and removing the wrongs of his fellow-men, is discredited and discarded, is too apt to abandon his hopes of humanity, and lose his faith as well as his temper.

The element in which they are all deficient is an abiding, intelligent, steadfast assurance that God, as well as they, is at work reforming and blessing the world. Instead of assuming, as they attempt to do, the entire command of events, if they would but pause, from time to time, and trace the steps of the All-wise and Omnipotent Disposer, and await with serene and cheer-

ful confidence the movements of the Divine Agency, a path of most efficient and benignant action would be opened to them, and their efforts be crowned with sure and permanent success.

EXERCISE XXX.

TEMPERANCE.

THE progress of temperance, during the last few years, has been brilliant and rapid beyond all former precedent. Hundreds of thousands of our countrymen, who never drank to excess, have bound themselves to perpetual abstinence, while multitudes of moderate drinkers and drunkards have subscribed with their hands that instrument, which, if faithfully kept, will secure them forever from the curse of intemperance. Thousands of families which were suffering all the accumulated woes of intemperance, are now blessed with the comforts and enjoyments of life.

Want, which stood, like an armed man, at the very threshold of their doors, has been driven away, and plenty crowns their board. Misery, which stalked among them like the spectre of despair, has left them forever; while the Angel of Happiness spreads over them her wings all radiant with feathers of gold, and the star of hope throws its silver light around their path. Look over our land; enter the populous cities, strewn all along the Atlantic coast and far into the interior, mark the villages that everywhere meet the eye, and behold the wonderful change that has been effected in the customs and habits of their inhabitants, and if you do not exclaim, in the language of Holy Writ, "What hath God wrought!" you must be destitute of the high and ennobling attributes of humanity.

It transcends the power of the human mind to compute, in all their length and breadth, in all their glory and grandeur, the blessed fruits of the temperance reform. It has transformed brutes into men, — men of refined sensibilities, of noble, god-like powers of intelligence. It has taken the beggar from the gutter, and placed him

among the princes and potentates of the earth. It has lifted the crushed and bruised spirit of the wife, whose frame was too delicate for the winds of heaven to visit roughly, whose mental susceptibilities were too exquisite to endure the rude insults of the drunkard, and who was trampled under foot and made the veriest slave of her brutal lord; it has raised the spirit of this woman, thus abject and wo-begone, to the heights of hope and happiness, placed a new song in her mouth, and awakened in her breast immortal hopes and aspirations. It has taken the little child, whose only dream was of misery, into its arms, and blessed it. It has thrown over the face of society a light, like that of another sun risen upon mid-noon; and you and I, and millions more, walk in its brightness, scarcely conscious of its surpassing glory.

EXERCISE XXXI.

POPULAR INSTITUTIONS.

OUR popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement, because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates with electric rapidity through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition; in a thousand ways they provide an audience for lips which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it, or seek it, the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celestial fire," — the patronage of fair opportunity.

This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery

of means, have been brought, in our day, under severe revision. But were I to attempt to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach furthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction, not to spread over the surface like an artificial hue, carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects, it would be popular institutions. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature which provides means for great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing, that its children may enjoy means denied to itself. This great contest about black-boards and sand-tables will then lose something of its importance, and even the exalted names of Bell and Lancaster may sink from that very lofty height where an over hasty-admiration has placed them.

EXERCISE XXXII.

REFLECTIONS AT MOUNT AUBURN.

ENTERING Mount Auburn, I ascended an eminence and with feelings attuned to pensiveness, I threw myself upon the earth, at the foot of an ancient oak, and pored upon the scene. In a reverie I gazed upon the green landscape beneath, sleeping in the calm sunshine at my feet, and fading away in the distance into the soft blue hills that skirted the horizon. I turned my eye to the east, where Boston, swelling up with her proud domes and glittering spires, marked her noble outline upon the clear sky; and a feeling of awe came over me as I contemplated that majestic form, lifting its mass of stately architecture into the air, with a commanding grandeur, as if demanding the gazer's homage to the Queen of the North.

"This," said I, "is the city of riches and splendor:

there lie her fleets; there throng her thousands of merchants and tradesmen; there stand her palaces and her temples; there shine her halls and saloons, the abodes of wealth and the home of gayety and fashion; there throng her countless swarms of busy citizens, those multitudes that roar and thunder like a mountain stream within her limits, but of whom scarce a faint murmur comes to my ear upon the passing breeze. Shall those lordly domes and ambitious roofs crumble to dust, and leave not a wreck behind? Is that gay and eager mass, now teeming with young life and enjoyment, and shining as if earth contained no tomb, nought but such stuff as dreams are made of? Are they no more than the poor tenants of a little life that is rounded with a sleep?

"Yes, those cloud-capped towers shall fall; those fair bosoms now burning with high hope, those bright eyes that beam with love, shall close in darkness. Man of wealth, thy princely mansion shall forget thy name! Maiden of the blooming cheek, to-morrow shall the ring sparkle and the hall resound, but none shall think of thee? The generation, too, that cometh shall stay but for a time. The Queen of the North shall bow her head and fall—and no city shall be eternal but the City of the Dead!"

EXERCISE XXXIII.

MAN A SOCIAL BEING.

MAN has an individual and he has a social being. He has duties to himself and duties to his fellow-men. He has a selfish and he has a sympathizing nature. He is bound in duty to regard his interests as an individual, to labor for the comforts of life—to accumulate for the necessities of age. He is also bound to interest himself in the prosperity of those around him. If successful, to aid the unfortunate. If endowed with health and strength, to comfort the sick and distressed; to drop a tear of pity over the erring and misguided, to bind up the broken-hearted, and administer hope and consolation to those whom the rough surges of the world have crushed

down to earth. His duties are as important as they are varied. Life has its responsibilities and its labors. Disregard or neglect them, and you oppose the great design of the Maker of the universe. Fulfil them, and the reward will be sweet and rich, in the calm delights of a satisfied conscience, in the feeling that life has not been as an idle dream, in the undefinable pleasure excited by the tokens of gratitude, deep from the hearts of those you have succored and saved.

Let us know, then, our duties, to perform them. Let us seek to appreciate, not only what directly interests us as individuals, but whatever concerns us in our relations to our fellow-men, our connection as social beings, our sympathies as brethren of one great family. We are by nature social beings, born and capacitated for society. We are no more fitted for solitude than the eagle for the dungeon. Seclusion from society enervates the mind, impairs the faculties, and blunts the moral nature; while communion with our fellow-men warms the soul with a fervent glow, inspires the mind for its noblest and most glorious labors, and infuses an energy and a life to all, which forces the individual onward and upward.

Our social being is necessary to our individual happiness and advancement. They are indissolubly welded together, and no circumstances or habits can completely separate them. For a man to say that he cares not for others — that he will act without reference to the happiness and interests of those around him — shows that he is not only an unhappy but an ignorant man. We can no more divest ourselves of our responsibilities to our fellow-men, than we can put an end to our moral accountability. This responsibility commences with our existence, and terminates with our lives.

The moment we come in contact with our fellow-beings, that moment we are bound to enter into a mutual contract to respect certain inalienable individual rights, though they conflict with or abridge our own immediate pleasure or profit — to allow claims which may restrict our liberties, and perform duties from which we receive no direct benefit. We enter into an involuntary association, from which we cannot recede, and to whose regu-

lations we must be subservient. In plainer words, we enter into society. We become component parts of the great social system. As I have said, we are formed for this by nature. We enter into it without our consent, and assume its moral responsibilities, from which we cannot escape. But nature, by placing us in this connection, and imposing these duties and responsibilities, is not unmindful of our happiness. For, to incite us to perform our duties to others, we have implanted within us deep and irresistible emotions, welling forth from our inmost hearts, emotions active and ever-living; they are emotions of sympathy and love. They are natural and innate. If rightly cherished, they inspire us with an affection toward all around us. First nurtured in the family circle, kindled at the family altar, they increase, until they embrace in their glowing conceptions the whole human race. They form a bright and golden chain, which entwines itself around and leads a willing captive the human heart.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

THE DEATH OF J. Q. ADAMS.*

MR. ADAMS must be pronounced happy in the circumstances of his death, as his course through life had been marked and glorious. No excesses of a profligate youth, no vices of middle life, had shattered and hurried to a premature dissolution the body in which such an incorruptible spirit resided. Nothing in his habits of life interfered with nature, to whose gentle influences it was left to destroy gradually, and to restore, in a good old age, to its parent dust, the perishable part of our friend. The law of mortality, which knows no exception among the passing generations of our race, was executed in his case with as much tenderness and reserve, so to speak, as is ever permitted by Providence. The Angel of Death came to him a year before his departure, with a sum-

* This, and the following Exercise, were taken from the eloquent discourse of the Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, at the funeral of J. Q. Adams.

mons, which seemed to anxious friends to be peremptory and final. But we can imagine an expression of reluctance in the angel's face, as she turned away and kindly said, "Not yet." And there is reason to believe, that the year which was thus spared to the venerable patriot has been a happy one. It was, in fact, the Indian summer of his life.

He was not left to be an object of compassion to friends and admirers. No painful contrasts forced them to revert in memory to better days. But with a mind unimpaired; with an interest in life unabated; with a cheerful relish of the same simple pleasures that he had ever enjoyed; with a self-command which protracted sickness had not destroyed; with a heart still warm and open to the impressions of nature and the universe; with an eye that still ranged with delight through the starry spaces, or watched the intricate and interwoven orbits of men's passions and opinions on the nearer theatre of political, social, and religious life upon the earth; on the chosen field of his labors; in the place where his best services to his country had been rendered, and his noblest triumphs had been won; ministered to by the representatives of the nation, from North, South, East and West, he passed to his rest. The Angel of Death, when she came again to execute her office, left him only the consciousness that it was the "last of earth;" then drew a veil of oblivion over his faculties, and sat beside his couch two days before the cord that bound him to this world was severed.

EXERCISE XXXV.

J. Q. ADAMS.

I SHALL not presume, on this occasion, to judge of the character of Mr. Adams, or to settle his claims as a scholar, a statesman, or a philosopher. I leave that task to others more competent for the office. The same principle which governs in criminal trials should also be adopted in judging of merit, absolute or relative, in any of the great departments of theoretical or practical life.

Let a man be tried by his peers. To his peers, if they can be found, I leave the departed.

But I think no one will dissent from the statement that the life which has recently been closed was an eminently useful life. Mr. Adams has not lived for himself. His great powers; his affluent resources; his abundant learning; his memory, which held with a tenacious grasp whatever had once passed into the treasury of his mind; his commanding influence, beyond, probably, what any individual among his contemporary countrymen has ever exercised over public opinion; his dreaded controversial skill, which, like the mill-stone in Scripture, was fatal alike to those on whom it fell, and to those who fell upon it; the numerous offices which he has filled, from the time when, as a lad, he went to St. Petersburg as private secretary to the minister to that court, through more than fifty years of public service abroad and at home, down to the very moment of his death;—all these gifts, native and acquired, have been used by him to promote the welfare of his country and of mankind.

He has been, what the Scripture declares the good magistrate to be, “a minister of God for good” to his native land. In peace and in war; in foreign courts, contending against the insolence of power, and threading the labyrinth of political intrigue; in forming treaties upon which the fortunes and lives of thousands depended; in adjusting territorial boundaries, and negotiating for an extension of our national domain; in guiding the ship of state, often amidst shoals and rocks, and with a crew half disposed to mutiny; in maturing and carrying into execution, so far as he was allowed to do it, a wise prospective national policy; in efforts to promote the cause of education, of science, of freedom, of morals, of religion;—he has lived for others; he has laid upon the altar of his country and his God his exalted talents. And this trait in his character is to be in a great measure traced to the counsels of that admirable mother, that more than Roman, that Christian matron, who stamped upon his impressible mind the image of her own virtues, and who charged him, from a child, to consecrate his faculties to his country and to his Creator.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

MOTIVES FOR ACTION.

THE most powerful motives call on us, as scholars, for those efforts which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us who may not be permitted to boast that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe everything to those means of education which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed.

When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question — whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who have lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed: by

the dear faith, which has been plighted, by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS FOR AN EXHIBITION.*

We greet with joy this happy day,
And we will drive dull care away; —
Hearts full of cheer, we'll never fear,
While we in Wisdom's ways appear:
For all good people tell me so, —
And I am sure they ought to know, —
That Wisdom's ways are good and true,
And all her paths are peaceful, too.

DEAR parents and friends: — We are glad you have come to visit us on this interesting occasion, and we hope you will not be disappointed. We have come here, at this time, to show you, by our good conduct, and by the improvement we have made in our studies, that our time has not been wasted, and that the privileges you have provided for us have not been wholly misimproved. If we have not always done the best we could, we are sorry for it, and promise to try to do better, in future. But we do think that we have done well, and that we have learned a great many useful things. Besides what we have learned from our books, our teacher has told us many things, which, if we remember them, will help to make us wise, and good, and happy, all our days. For all that he has done for us, we thank him, from our young and grateful hearts, and we feel that God will bless him too. But some of us are very young, and know but little; and we ask you not to

“View as with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by.”

* If the lines at the commencement and close are sung, it will add to the interest of this Exercise.

And now, — I'm glad to say to you,
Our duty we will try to do,
And never play the idle fool,
Nor waste our precious time in school:
For all good people tell me so, —
And I am sure they ought to know, —
That Wisdom's ways are good and true
And all her paths are peaceful, too.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

THE PROVINCE OF FAITH.

Who has ever stood by the architectural ruins of other days, whether in India, in her gigantic underground temples, excavated from the solid rock, or in Egypt, amid her pyramids and gigantic colonnades and ruined cities, or amid the ruins of Mexico and Yucatan, or the mysterious but silent mounds of the great West, and not wished to wake from oblivion the history of those nations which left their intellectual impress on these works, and by them unfolded the emotions of their hearts?

But what palace so splendid as this glorious universe, in the midst of which we dwell, and through which we rove? How is it filled with every form of beauty and sublimity, and constructed, in all its parts, according to the most exquisite rules of art! How do the gentle breezes or the tempestuous gales, the murmuring brooks or the raging ocean, or the countless tenants of earth and air, commingle and vary those ceaseless anthems of praise which ascend before the throne of the eternal King!

And yet, till the eye is opened by faith, the highest and most glorious occupants of this vast palace remain unseen, unheard; their ends and sympathies, and joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears, are all unknown.

The chemist can analyze and arrange every element of the whole system; the geologist can investigate the structure of the earth; the natural philosopher may develop the laws of the atmosphere, of fluids, or of sounds, or trace the lightning in its rapid course; the astronomer may penetrate immeasurable realms of space, and dis-

close orb on orb, and system on system, till the mind is overwhelmed and lost in the splendor of the scene; the mathematician may calculate with unerring precision the times and seasons of the material system; the historian, the musician, the painter, the poet, the sculptor, the architect, the linguist, and the philosopher, may each traverse and investigate his appropriate sphere, and yet not one, or all combined, can penetrate into that higher spiritual system, for which this material universe was made and exists.

The light which illuminates these regions of glory proceeds direct from God himself, the Eternal Sun, and is received by the eye of faith alone.

EXERCISE XXXIX.

INTRODUCTORY PIECE FOR AN EVENING EXHIBITION.

RESPECTED parents and friends:—In behalf of my teachers and schoolmates, I, this evening, bid you a cordial welcome to this our pleasant schoolroom. Here we are wont to meet from day to day, and spend many hours in attending to those studies which will prepare us to discharge usefully the duties of subsequent life. We have spent some of our happiest hours in this room, and have only to regret that we have not been more diligent, and more attentive to our duties as members of this school. With this regret for errors of the past, we feel a strong determination better to improve the future, so that each passing moment shall bear with it a good record.

To your attention and kindness we feel greatly indebted for the privileges we here enjoy, and we trust that we feel truly grateful. We have invited you to meet us here this evening, with the hope that an hour may be spent which shall be mutually interesting and profitable. In judging of the exercises to which you may this evening listen, we beg that

“You ’ll not view us with a critic’s eye,
But pass our imperfections by.”

We wish you to remember that we are but children, and that childhood's errors will probably mark our performances. We will try to feel that we are surrounded by our dearest friends, and if we shall, in any degree, succeed in causing this evening to pass in a manner agreeable to you, we shall feel amply compensated for all our efforts.

For myself, for my teachers, and for these, my companions, I tender you heartfelt and sincere thanks for all past acts of favor and kindness. Especially would we remember, with grateful feelings, those who have devoted so much time and manifested so much interest for our good, — the members of the school committee. We hope no one of them will ever have occasion to feel that he has been dishonored by the dishonorable acts of any pupil of this school.

We have been placed under weighty obligation, and we feel that much may justly be expected of us. That we may properly appreciate and improve our privileges so that we may become intelligent, useful, and valuable members of society, we bespeak your continued care and watchfulness; and, in return for them, we will endeavor so to improve our time and opportunities as to deserve and secure your hearty approbation.

EXERCISE XL.

THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD.

Why is it that the names of Howard, and Thornton, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christian philanthropy, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintances, but for the world, and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge, and experience, and influence, they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing.

You may trace them along the whole path way of life; by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to yon noble river, which carries gladness and fertility, from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley, which it was made to bless, — or to those summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious effulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish! what astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions, and how many millions, yet to be born, will rise up and call him blessed! Away, all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence, than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noonday.

EXERCISE XLI.

THE MOTHER LAND.

WHAT American does not feel proud that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton and of Locke? Who does not know, that while every pulse

of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our fathers, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there? Who does not remember that when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them; while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that in that eventful struggle which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No, for myself, I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung.

In touching the soil of England, I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat;—to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed, parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets, have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the pane-

gyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters and blue ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EXERCISE XLII.

HISTORY.

THE instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in the revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let

the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter, as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this is our safety and our hope, — the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and to do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

EXERCISE XLIII.

INDIVIDUAL ENERGY AND ACTION.

THE principle of individual intelligence, ingenuity, and resolution, pervading the people of New England, is covering the land with its monuments and trophies. In every form in which skill can combine with labor, — mechanism, in the infinite applications of science and processes of art, in patient researches into nature, and in all departments of mental activity; in solitary adventure, or in associated companies, religious, moral, political, or financial, — directing the resources of multitudes with the accuracy and efficiency of a single intelligence and will, — it is working incalculable effects.

It turns barrenness into fertility, straightens the winding and crooked paths, smooths down every rugged obstacle, accelerates speed, reduces cost, multiplies business, creates wealth, draws useless rivers from their

ancient beds into navigable and secure artificial channels, awakens the hum of inventive, animated, and well-rewarded industry, along the banks of every descending stream, opens with its touch the bosom of the earth to give forth its mineral treasures, converts the ice of our northern lakes into a most welcome article of world-wide commerce, and sinking its quarries into the bare and desolate mountains, manipulates the shapeless granite into forms of architectural grace and beauty, and spreads them in classic colonnades and lofty structures along the streets of distant cities.

Sons of New England! your ancestors relied on the power of their own arms; upon their own ingenuity, skill, personal industry and enterprise. They never looked, for the chief blessings of life, to the government. They did not expect that freedom, prosperity, or happiness, were to be secured to their posterity by legislation, or any form of political administration; but they planted the seed which was to bear the precious fruits, in the awakened, enlightened, and invigorated mental energies of their descendants. For this, they provided their system of universal education; and, if you would be worthy of your ancestry, you must do likewise.

• Look not to legislation, or to official patronage, or to any public resources or aids, to make yourselves or your children prosperous, powerful and happy. But trust to your and their energy of character, and enlightened minds, and persevering enterprise and industry. Cherish these traits, and they will work out in the future the same results as in the past. The earth will everywhere blossom beneath you. You will be sure of exerting your rightful influence in every community. You will be placed beyond the reach of injustice and oppression. Rash and weak counsels may involve the foreign relations of the confederacy; short-sighted or perverse legislation may do its worst to embarrass your interests; but if you resolutely apply your own resources of industry, skill and enterprise, to circumstances as they rise, you will be able to turn them to your advantage, and the great essential of democratic sovereignty will be guaranteed to you, the pursuit and attainment of individual happiness and prosperity.

EXERCISE XLIV.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF CLINTON.

ENVY has sometimes denied the paramount merit of Clinton in the great enterprise of the Erie Canal. But the question is not whether he first made the suggestion of a navigable communication between the lakes and the Hudson. It is a fact of historic certainty, that the adoption, the prosecution, and the accomplishment of that gigantic undertaking, were owing mainly to his convincing statements, his vast influence, and indomitable perseverance. What other man was there then, or has there been since, who would have accomplished the same? Who that has watched the course of events in New York, and the fluctuations of party legislation on this very subject—the canal—but may well question, whether, without the agency just named, it would to this day have been begun? To Clinton, then, as an honored instrument in higher hands, be the praise awarded!

Citizens of this imperial state, whose numerical power the canal has doubled, and whose wealth it has augmented in a ratio that defies estimation, cherish and perpetuate his name! You enjoy the rich fruits which his foresight anticipated, and his toils secured. Let him rest no longer in an undistinguished grave. True, a name like Clinton's cannot die! It is written on that long, deep line with which he channelled the broad bosom of his native state: it is heard at every watery stair, as the floating burden sinks or rises with the gushing stream; it is borne on each of the thousand boats that make the long inland voyage; and it shines entwined with Fulton's, on all the steam-towed fleets of barges which sweep, in almost continuous train, the surface of the Hudson. But these are the traces of his own hand. It is your duty and privilege to record it too. Engrave it, then, in ever-during stone. Embody your sense of his merits in the massive pile. From the loftiest height of beautiful Greenwood let the structure rise, a beacon at once to the city and the sea. Severe in beauty and grand in proportions, it should be emblem-

atical of the man and of his works. Such a monument will be a perpetual remembrance of Clinton's name, and of his inappreciable services; and will stand for ages, the fit expression of your gratitude and of his glory.

EXERCISE XLV.

DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

THE jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet must breathe a mingled strain. Henceforward and forever, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion on the fourth of July shall be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second shall be one of chastised and tender recollection of the venerable men who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the moral beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement, there seems not enough to occupy all our purest and best feelings. The fourth of July was before a day of unshaded triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the Angel of Death has mingled in the all-glorious pageant, to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, the day of the united departure of two such men would henceforward have been remembered but as a day of mourning. But now, while their decease has gently chastened the exultations of the triumphant festival, the glad banner of our independence will wave cheerfully over the spot where their dust reposes.

The whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent to join in the public rejoicings; it now also speaks, in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober free-

men. With some appeal of joy, of admiration, of tenderness, it henceforth addresses every American heart. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, a great and a good day. It is full of greatness and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence, — their death on the day of the jubilee, — was all that was wanting to the fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

EXERCISE XLVI.

THE INDIANS.

WHEN we were few and they were many, we were weak and they were strong, instead of driving us back into the sea, as they might have done at any time, they cherished our perilous infancy, and tendered to us the sacred emblems of peace. They gave us land, as much as we wanted, or sold it to us for the merest trifle. They permitted us quietly to clear up the wilderness, and to build habitations, and schoolhouses, and churches. And when everything began to smile around us, under the combined influence of industry, education, and religion, these savages did not come to us and say, "We want your houses; we want your fine cultivated farms; you must move off. There is room enough for you beyond the western rivers, where you may settle down on a better soil, and begin anew."

Nor, when we were strongly attached to our firesides, and to our fathers' sepulchres, did they say, "You are mere tenants at will: we own all the land; and if you insist upon staying longer, you must dissolve your government, and submit to such laws as we choose to make for you."

No, the Indian tribes of the seventeenth century knew nothing of these modern refinements; they were no such adepts in the law of nature and nations. They allowed us to abide by our own council-fires, and to govern ourselves as we chose, when they could either have dispossessed or subjugated us at pleasure. We did remain,

and we gradually waxed rich and strong. We wanted more land, and they sold it to us at our own price. Still we were not satisfied. There was room enough to the west, and we advised them to move further back. If they took our advice, well. If not, we knew how to enforce it. And where are those once terrible nations now? Driven, alternately, by purchase and by conquest, from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, they have disappeared with their own gigantic forests; and we, their enlightened heirs at law and the sword, now plough up their bones with as much indifference as we do their arrows. Shall I name the Mohegans, the Pequots, the Iroquois, and the Mohawks? What has become of them, and of a hundred other independent nations which dwelt on this side of the Mississippi, when we landed at Plymouth and at Jamestown? Here and there, as at Penobscot, and Marshpee, and Oneida, you may see a diminutive and downcast remnant, wandering like troubled ghosts among the graves of their mighty progenitors. Our trinkets, our threats, our arms, our whiskey, our bribes, and our vices, have all but annihilated those vast physical and intellectual energies of a native population, which, for more than a hundred and fifty years, could make us quake and flee at pleasure, throughout all our northern, western, and southern borders. * * * * * Gone is the mighty warrior, the terrible avenger, the heart-bursting orator! Gone is the terror and glory of his nation; and gone forever, from our elder states, are the red men, who, like Saul and Jonathan, "were swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions;" and who, with the light and advantages which we enjoy, might have rivalled us in wealth and power, in the senate and forum, as I am sure that they would have surpassed us in magnanimity and justice.

EXERCISE XLVII.

AN INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

RESPECTED friends:—The occasion which has called us together, at this time, is one of no ordinary interest.

Again we have the pleasure of meeting those who are dear to us, not in the halls of mirth and gayety, not at the festive board, not where political strife has a ruling sway over the passions of man, but where youth, in all their simplicity and tenderness, meet to unfold the intellect, and cherish those virtues that sustain a nation's glory and a nation's prosperity.

Expect not, kind friends, that we have invited you here to charm you with strains of eloquence, or to exhibit ourselves as masters of the art of speaking, but merely to witness the efforts of children. Long and hard have we labored, under the guidance of our teacher, to acquire a store of knowledge that shall fit us for usefulness in after life. Much is due to the kind and persevering efforts of him who has so earnestly labored to bring before you so many who are willing to take an active part in this evening's entertainment, and we sincerely hope that our exercises will not be wholly void of interest.

We feel that our privileges have been great, and, if we have not made improvement, we shall be obliged to confess that we have been negligent of our duties, and inattentive to the instructions of our teacher, for we are sure that every reasonable effort has been made to advance us in the path of usefulness and knowledge. But, we humbly trust, our time and our advantages have not been wholly misimproved, and that we shall on this occasion furnish some evidence to show that we have accomplished something.

We would not, at this time, forget that kind Providence which has watched over us during the past year, and which has so highly favored us and our dear friends. While our hearts are truly grateful for the continuance of life, and so many of life's blessings, let us not forget that

We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream, — passing away,

"Passing away!" sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hil
Through the varying scenes of each earthly crime,
'T is the lesson of nature, the voice of time,
And man, at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust — "Passing away."

EXERCISE XLVIII.

THE EFFECTS OF DIVERSIFIED EMPLOYMENTS.

In a country of few occupations, employments go down by an arbitrary, hereditary, coercive designation, without regard to peculiarities of individual character. The son of a priest is a priest; the son of a barber is a barber; a man raises onions and garlic, because a certain other person did so when the Pyramids were building, centuries ago. But a diversified, advanced, and refined mechanical and manufacturing industry, coöperating with these other numerous employments of civilization which always surround it, offers the widest choice, detects the slightest shade of individuality, quickens into existence and trains to perfection the largest conceivable amount and the utmost possible variety of national mind. It goes abroad with its handmaid labors, not like the elegiac poet, into the churchyard, but among the bright tribes of living childhood and manhood, and finds there, in more than a figurative sense, some "mute, inglorious Milton," to whom it gives a tongue and the opportunity of fame; the dauntless breast of some Hampden, still at play, yet born to strive with the tyrant of more than a village; infant hands that may one day sway the rod of empire; hearts already "pregnant with celestial fire;" future Arkwrights, and Watts, and Whitneys, and Fultons, whom it leads forth to a discipline and a career that may work a revolution in the arts and commerce of the world.

Here are five sons in a family. In some communities they would all become hedgers and ditchers; in others, shore fishermen; in others, hired men in the fields, or porters or servants in noblemen's families. But see what

the diversified employments of civilization may make of them. One has a passion for contention, and danger, and adventure. There are the gigantic game of the sea, the vast fields of the Pacific, the pursuit even "beneath the frozen serpent of the South," for him. Another has a taste for trade; he plays already at bargains and barter. There are Wall-street and Milk-street, and clerkships and agencies at Manilla, and Canton, and Rio Janeiro, for him. A third early and seriously inclines to the quiet life, the fixed habits, the hereditary opinions, and old ways, of his fathers; there is the plough for him.

Another develops, from infancy, extraordinary mechanical and inventive talent; extraordinary in degree, of not yet ascertained direction. You see it in his first whittling. There may be a Fulton, or an Arkwright there may be wrapped up the germs of an idea, which, realized, shall change the industry of nations, and give a new name to a new era. Well, there are the machine shops at Lowell and Providence for him; there are cotton mills and woollen mills for him to superintend; there is stationary and locomotive steam power for him to guide and study; of a hundred departments and forms of useful art, some one will surely reach and feed the ruling intellectual passion. In the flashing eye, beneath the pale and beaming brow of that other one, you detect the solitary first thoughts of genius. There are the seashore of storm or calm, the waning moon, the stripes of summer evening cloud, traditions, and all the food of the soul, for him. And so all the boys are provided for. Every fragment of mind is gathered up. Nothing is lost. Every taste, every faculty, every peculiarity of mental power, finds its task, does it, and is made the better for it.

EXERCISE XLIX.

OUR DUTY AS CITIZENS.

IN that unceasing march of things, which calls forward the successive generations of men to perform their part on the stage of life, we at length are summoned to appear. Our fathers have passed their hour of visita-

tion;—how worthily, let the growth and prosperity of our happy land, and the security of our firesides, attest. Or, if this appeal be too weak to move us, let the eloquent silence of yonder venerated heights,*—let the column which is there rising in simple majesty,—recall their venerated forms, as they toiled, in the hasty trenches, through the dreary watches of that night of expectation, heaving up the sods, where they lay, in peace and in honor, ere the following sun had set. The turn has come to us. The trial of adversity was theirs; the trial of prosperity is ours. Let us meet it as men who know their duty, and prize their blessings. Our position is the most enviable, the most responsible, which men can fill. If this generation does its duty, the cause of constitutional freedom is safe. If we fail; if we fail;—not only do we defraud our children of the inheritance which we received from our fathers, but we blast the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout our continent, throughout Europe, throughout the world, to the end of time.

History is not without her examples of hard-fought fields, where the banner of liberty has floated triumphantly on the wildest storm of battle. She is without her examples of a people by whom the dear-bought treasure has been wisely employed and safely handed down. The eyes of the world are turned for that example to us. It is related, by an ancient historian, of that Brutus who slew Cæsar, that he threw himself on his sword, after the disastrous battle of Philippi, with the bitter exclamation, that he had followed virtue as a substance, but found it a name. It is not too much to say, that there are, at this moment, noble spirits in the elder world, who are anxiously watching the march of our institutions, to learn whether liberty, as they have been told, is a mockery, a pretence, and a curse, or a blessing, for which it becomes them to brave the rack, the scaffold, and the scimitar.

Let us, then, as we assemble, on the birthday of the nation, as we gather upon the green turf once wet with precious blood, let us devote ourselves to the sacred

* Bunker's Hill.

cause of constitutional liberty. Let us abjure the interests and passions which divide the great family of American freemen. Let the rage of party spirit sleep to-day. Let us resolve, that our children shall have cause to bless the memory of their fathers, as we have cause to bless the memory of ours.

EXERCISE L.

OUR OBLIGATIONS.

LET the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object.

We can win no laurels in a war of independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is open to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country.

Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circles of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our

country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration, forever!

EXERCISE LI.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

WHILE the great powers of the mind—observation, comparison and reflection—are, and of right should be, the objects of school discipline, the great powers of the heart, springing from the sentiment of love, should not be neglected. That they are important, and important in the very first degree, cannot be doubted. They are the great basis of all true thought and action. “Keep thy heart with all diligence,” says Solomon, “for out of it are the issues of life.” The truly great men of the earth have been those whose mental abilities were strongly backed by great moral qualities; that is, by unselfish, sincere, sympathetic, forbearing hearts. All mental greatness, unless thus based, is like the house which was built upon the sand, which the wind, and rain, and flood of worldly misfortune have uniformly washed unto its fall. I say uniformly, for however a man may apparently succeed by superior cunning and selfish tact, he will, in reality, be miserable, just in proportion as his heart is selfish and depraved. His misery will be none the less real because it is not apparent. It is in this view that the race of life is not always to the swift, nor its battle to the strong. Every opposition in this world goes down, in the long run, before the better feelings of the heart. It is the carefully educated heart which beats the carefully educated head. Both equally combined, however, form the perfect model of man.

It is this deep sentiment of the heart, love, which is at the bottom of all great reforms,—the originating cause,—and is, in fact, the great basis of popular opinion. It is the true foundation of all good society, all real freedom. Woman,—educated, refined, Christian woman,—

is its guardian, I might say its personification, in society, and by her silent but deep example is ever giving a great impulse to its holy extension. When speaking of reforms, however, I do not mean by them all changes which may agitate the great surface of society—which come as the tornado of popular passion or prejudice, to avenge and destroy, to stamp conviction on every mind by force and fear. True reforms are as silent as they are deep. The great laws of the moral, as the physical world, move in sublime silence. Beneath the fury of the sea, when lashed by the tempest, the great under-current of the ocean flows on quietly and unheeded. While the earthquake is shaking a world to its centre, amid desolation and dismay, the noiseless, beautiful, irresistible principle of gravitation retains the rocking sphere in its orbit, and remains immutable and eternal amid passing violence and change. Thus, in society, there is a principle which is deeper than all outward agitation, a true feeling deeper than all outward passion, and that principle, that feeling, are moral ones, of and belonging to the heart.

Of what boundless extent, depth, and value, then, is the human heart, as a subject of cultivation! Who has ever estimated, who can ever estimate, its better capacities, sympathies, generousities? Of what good cultivation is it not capable in its every relation of life, and of what bad, alas? From the heart have originated the most stirring appeals of patriotism, the most enthusiastic efforts for human freedom and happiness, the most self-sacrificing labors in every good cause. The greatest efforts of the mind have been warmed by it into life, spurred on by its better energies, and have finally received from that source, also, their most grateful rewards. If the effort of the mind becomes immortally bright, it is because the glowing heat of the heart is there. It is the heart which finally rebukes ambition, defeats cunning, disarms selfishness. By it, in the end, all causes are tried, all wrongs condemned, all grievances redressed. The lessons of history, the records of our own experience, teach us that we are to look to our hearts for the rewards or punishments of life. Shakspeare has recorded

a touching case of this experience, which, though partly imaginary, yet speaks the language of reality. The ruined cardinal says:—

“Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

It was the heart of the courtier which so affectingly reminded him of the causes of his ruin—they were the true sympathies of his nature, which so piteously rebuked the vain ambition of his life.

EXERCISE XLII.

THE COUNTRY OF WASHINGTON.

GENTLEMEN, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our own examples, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn, whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth, established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to

be one, not of encouragement, but of terror — not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned — where else shall the world look for free models? If this great western sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

Gentlemen, there is no danger of our overrating, or overstating, the important part which we are now acting in human affairs. It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense, both of our privileges and of our duties. We cannot wish better for our country, nor for the world, than that the same spirit which influenced Washington may influence all who succeed him: and that the same blessing from above which attended his efforts may also attend theirs.

EXERCISE LIII.

INDIVIDUAL ACTION.

THE great lesson which I would teach you is, — that it depends mainly on each individual what part he will bear in the accomplishment of this great work. It is to be done by somebody. In a quiet order of things, the stock of useful knowledge is not only preserved but augmented; and each generation improves on that which went before. It is true there have been periods, in the history of the world, when tyranny at home, or invasion from abroad, has so blighted and blasted the condition of society, that knowledge has perished with one generation faster than it could be learned by another; and whole nations have sunk from a condition of improvement to one of ignorance and barbarity, sometimes in a very few years. But no such dreadful catastrophe is now to be feared. Those who come after us will not only equal but surpass their predecessors. The existing arts will be improved, science will be carried to new heights, and the great heritage of useful knowledge will go down unimpaired and augmented.

But it is all to be shared out anew; and it is for each man to say, what part he will gain in the glorious patrimony.

When the rich man is called from the possession of his treasures, he divides them as he will among his children and heirs. But Providence, the stern agrarian, deals not so with the living treasures of the mind. There are children just growing up in the bosom of obscurity, in town and in country, who have inherited nothing but poverty and health, who will in a few years be striving in stern contention with the great intellects of the land. Our system of free schools has opened a straight way from the threshold of every abode, however humble, in the village or in the city, to the high places of usefulness, influence, and honor. And it is left for each, by the cultivation of every talent; by watching with an eagle's eye for every chance of improvement; by bounding forward like a greyhound, at the most distant glimpse of honorable opportunity; by grappling, as with hooks of steel, to the prize when it is won; by redeeming time, defying temptation, and scorning sensual pleasure, to make himself useful, honored and happy.

EXERCISE LIV.

THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

THE man of expedients is he who, never providing for the little mishaps and stitch-droppings with which the mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans and commutations, by the help of which he thinks he appears as well as other people.

Look through the various professions and characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting, and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream. If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently at two per cent. a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be seaworthy, if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out

before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle-string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes fault rhyme with ought, and look with spoke; if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of his article with extracts from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full speed, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvellous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a printer, he is adroit at scabarding; if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes equal to the Rambler.

But it is in the character of a general scholar that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences—in cyclopædias. He acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature—from translations. He is very extensively read—in title-pages. He obtains an exact acquaintance with authors—from reviews. He follows all literature up to its sources—in tables of contents. His researches are indefatigable—into indexes. He quotes memoriter with astonishing facility—the dictionary of quotations;—and his bibliographical familiarity is miraculous—with Dibdin.

We are sorry to say, that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those who claim the praise of a good action, when they have acted merely from convenience, inclination, or compulsion. There are those who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice. There are those who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish. There are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious, from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect, because there is no temptation.

But let us come down a little lower into life. Who appears so well and so shining at a ball-room as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles—about as ill-matched as if one had belonged to his hat and the other to a galoche.—to

prevent their difference being detected, he stands sidewise towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstance makes him a more vivacious dancer, since by the rapidity of his motions he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search further into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles one glove. There are five pins about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket-book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of a close vest, and adroitly claps a bur on the rent hole of his stocking, while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right andiron, and a stone his left. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that, too, borrowed from a broken window-pane. He shaves himself without a looking-glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candlestick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three-eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing-desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water, till it is reduced to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with the shreds and relics of his wafer-box. His seal is a pin.

O hearer, if you have smiled at any part of the foregoing representation, let it be to some purpose. There is no fault we are all so apt to indulge as that in which we are pushed by the ingenuity of indolence—namely, the invention of expedients.

EXERCISE LV.

WOMAN.

MEN are the realities, women the poetry, of this world. Men are the trees; women, the fruitage and flower. The former delight in a rude soil—they strike their roots downward with a perpetual effort; and heave their proud branches upward, in perpetual strife. Are they to be removed?—you must tear up the very earth with their roots,—rock, and ore, and impurity,—or they perish. They cannot be translated with safety. Something of their home, a little of their native soil, must cling to them forever, or they die. Not so with woman. Give her but air and sky enough, and she will seek no nourishment of the earth, strike no roots downward, urge no sceptre upward, but content herself with shedding light and cheerfulness on every side of her—flowers and perfume on everything she touches. Would you remove her—you have only to unclasp a few green delicate fibres, to scatter a few blossoms, and shake off a few large drops—like the rain-drops of a summer shower—and lo! she is ready to depart with you whithersoever you may go. She does not cling to her native soil; she does not yearn for a native earth; all that she needs anywhere is something to grow to.

Her vitality is untouched, her sympathies are unhurt, by the influences of a new sky or a strange air. It may be, that in her youth her blossoming was about the doorway of a cottage; it may be that she is now transplanted to a palace—made to breathe the hot and crowded air, to bask in the artificial sunshine, of a city—in shadow, and smoke, and a most exaggerating atmosphere. But even there she is happy; she carries her home with her; and though what she clings to may sicken at the heart, and perish at the roots, for lack of its native air, she will put forth her beauty, and scatter her perfume, as before.

These things are easily said; but are they true? We are liable to be carried away by poetry, and metaphor and illustration; but what do they prove? Why should it be more difficult to describe the women than the men of a small neighborhood, of a remote parish, or of a large

country? Try the experiment yourself. Go to the first church that you see open, or to any other place where you may meet a multitude of women gathered together. Try to give a general idea of their dress, — nay, try to give anybody a general idea of part of it, — of the fashion of their bonnets. You will find the hats of the men all alike; but of the bonnets, you will seldom or never see two alike in the whole house — I might say on the face of the whole earth. Such is the very nature of woman; quick, apt, sensible and precipitate; with an eye for color that men have not, with an ear for music that men have not, and with a taste for shape that shows itself in everything she wears, and in everything she builds up. A woman studies change and variety; it is reproach to her to dress alike — I do not say to be alike — for twenty-four hours at a time. She would blush to be caught twice a year at a ball in the same, or in a similar dress. And when it may not be in her power to put on a new robe every day, it is the study of a large part of her life to appear to do so; to multiply and vary, by all sorts of contrivances, the few that she may have; — now by altering the shape, now by giving it a new dye, now by changing the ribbons, or a flounce, or a furbelow, and now it may be by converting slips into frocks, or frocks into slips, or both into spencers or riding-habits: all of which a woman may do from her youth up, yet more from love of change than from her secret wish to appear better off than she is. And so with not a few of our men. The more youthful they are, the more sensitive they are, the more like women they are, the more changeable and capricious they are. But why should I complain of this? I do not; I only mention the fact to show how difficult it is to give another a general idea of the character of a body of women. Before the hue is copied, it has altered. Before the outline is finished, it is no longer the same. You are in pursuit of the rainbow; you are describing a changeable landscape under the drifting clouds of a changeable sky; you are after a bird of paradise, a feather, a butterfly,

And every touch, that woos its stay,
Brushes its brightest hues away.

But is this to complain?—if I say that flowers are not trees, that fruitage is not rock, that women are not men; what say I more than everybody, women as well as men, should delight to acknowledge? Are we to be imprisoned forever and aye with realities? Are we to live under a marble firmament, because, forsooth, a marble firmament may have more stability? Are we, who live in the very midst of change and fluctuation, who are never the same more than two minutes together, who see all the elements circulating forever and ever within and around us, through all the vicissitudes of shadow and light, and youth and age; are we to speak irreverently of her, who, by the greater fineness and greater purity of her corporeal texture, is made more sensible than we to the influences of sky, and air, and sea, and earth? As well might we deride the perfume of the flower, and the hue of the wild rose, or the songs of birds, or the flavor of each, for not being as fixed and immutable as the very earth we tread on. Are we to speak slightly of that, which, with all its changes, and through all its changes, is still woman; the witchery and power, the pulse and the life-blood, of our being? Let us remember that the charm of the very sky is its changeableness; of the very earth, is its being never the same for a long while together; of the very sea and air, that they change at every breath you draw, and with every word you speak. Let us remember that the character of her who is appointed to be our companion forever, here and hereafter, —

Like sunshine in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

EXERCISE LVI.

SELF-CONCEIT.

[Spoken by a very small Boy.]

WHEN boys are exhibiting in public, the politeness or curiosity of the hearers frequently induces them to inquire the names of the performers. To save the trouble of answers, so far as relates to myself, my name is

Charles Chatterbox. I was born in this town; and have grown to my present enormous stature without any artificial help. It is true, I eat, drink, and sleep, and take as much care of my noble self as any young man about; but I am a monstrous great student. There is no telling the half of what I have read.

Why, what do you think of the Arabian Tales? Truth! every word truth! There's the story of the lamp, and of Rook's eggs as big as a meeting-house. And there is the history of Sinbad the Sailor. I have read every word of them. And I have read Tom Thumb's folio through, Winter Evening Tales, and Seven Champions, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and Mother Bunch, and Seven Wise Masters, and a curious book, entitled "Think well on 't."

Then there is another wonderful book, containing fifty reasons why an old bachelor was not married. The first was, that nobody would have him; and the second was, he declared to everybody that he would not marry; and so it went on, stronger and stronger. Then, at the close of the book, it gives an account of his marvellous death and burial. And, in the appendix, it tells about his being ground over, and coming out as young, and as fresh, and as fair as ever. Then, every few pages, is a picture of him to the life.

I have also read Robinson Crusoe, and Reynard the Fox, and Moll Flanders; and I have read twelve delightful novels, and Irish Rogues, and Life of Saint Patrick; and Philip Quarle, and Conjuror Crop, and Æsop's Fables, and Laugh and be Fat, and Toby Lumpkin's Elegy on the Birth of a Child, and a Comedy on the Death of his Brother, and an Acrostic, occasioned by a mortal sickness of his dear wife, of which she recovered. This famous author wrote a treatise on the Rise and Progress of Vegetation; and a whole Body of Divinity he comprised in four lines.

I have read all the works of Pero Gilpin, whose memory was so extraordinary that he never forgot the hours of eating and sleeping. This Pero was a rare lad. Why, he could stand on his head, as if it were a real pedestal; his feet he used for drumsticks. He was trumpeter to

the foot guards in Queen Betty's time; and, if he had not blown his breath away, might have lived to this day.

Then, I have read the history of a man who married for money, and of a woman that would wear her husband's small-clothes in spite of him; and I have read four books of riddles and rebuses; and all that is not half a quarter.

Now, what signifies reading so much, if one can't tell of it? In thinking over these things, I am sometimes so lost in company, that I don't hear anything that is said, till some one pops out that witty saying, "A penny for your thoughts." Then I say, to be sure, I was thinking of a book I had been reading. Once, in this mood, I came very near swallowing my cup and saucer; and, another time, was upon the very point of taking down a punch-bowl, that held a gallon. Now, if I could fairly have gotten them down, they would not have hurt me a jot; for my mind is capacious enough for a china-shop. There is no choking a man of my reading. Why, if my mind can contain Genii and Giants, sixty feet high, and enchanted castles, why not a punch-bowl and a whole tea-board?

It was always conjectured that I should be a monstrous great man; and I believe, as much as I do the Mexican war, that I shall be a perfect Brobdignag, in time.

Well now, do you see, when I have read a book, I go right off into the company of the ladies; for they are the judges whether a man knows anything or not. Then I introduce a subject which will show my parts to the best advantage; and I always mind to say a smart thing just before I quit.

You must know, moreover, that I have learned a great deal of wit. I was the first man who invented all that people say about tongues, and sounds, and maybe's. I invented the wit of kissing a candlestick when a lady holds it, and also the plays of criminal and cross-question; and, above all, I invented the wit of paying toll at bridges. In short, ladies and gentlemen, take me all in all, I am a downright curious fellow.

EXERCISE LVII.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Just one mile two furlongs and seven rods from my grandfather's house, on a slightly hill, called Mount Pleasant, stood the abode of Jonathan Oldbug, my father, whose spacious but decaying mansion I spent part of my time; for I would not have the reader imagine that my parents were always so negligent as to leave me perpetually to write rebuses with my Uncle Gideon, or to eat turn-overs from the hand of my Aunt Hannah.

My father was a tall, stately man, with one good coat, which he kept to wear to meeting; one decent pair of shoes, which lasted, in my memory, seven years; one cotton shirt, with a linen collar to it,—and he was sometimes compelled to lie in bed, in order that it might be washed. He dwelt in a large house, whose exterior, though not splendid, was much preferable to some of the rooms within; it was surrounded with a white fence, with some of the parts broken down, a front gate swung upon one hinge, several of the window-panes were broken, on two of the front windows hung two shattered blinds, which had once been green, and before the house, as you entered the garden, grew two spacious lime trees, forming a grateful shade. As you entered the house, you came to a large, massy, oak door, big enough to be the gate of a castle, with an iron knocker on it, shaped for a lion, but looking more like a dog; and having entered the building, you saw a front entry, the paper torn and colored by the rain; on your left hand was one room covered with a carpet, containing an eight-day clock, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and telling the age of the moon; the other furniture passable; but the rest of the rooms in a condition which I blush to name. There, in this stately mansion, dwelt my venerable sire, who might justly be denominated a poor gentleman; that is, he was a gentleman in his own estimation, and poor in the esteem of everybody else.

My father was a man of expedients, and had spent his whole life, and exhausted all his ingenuity, in that adroit presentation of pretences, which, in common speech, is

called keeping up appearances. In this art he was really skilful; and I often suspected then, and have really concluded since, if he had turned half the talent to procuring an honest livelihood, which he used to slobber over his ill-dissembled poverty, it would have been better for his soul and body both. He was a man that never told a lie, unless it was to keep up appearances.

I hope none who hear me have been reduced to the miserable necessity of tying up their pantaloons with pack-thread, instead of lawful suspenders; of using a remnant of a pillow-case for a pocket-handkerchief; of sticking a bur on their rent stocking to cover up a hole; and after slitting their worn pantaloons on the knee, when they had got half way to meeting on the Sabbath, of being obliged to tie a pretended pocket-handkerchief over a pretended wound, seeming to be lame, and perhaps before they had walked ten rods, forgetting in which leg the lameness was seated. No, these are the incommunicable sorrows of me,—of me, the sad hero of a sad family—the prince and heir-apparent to the ragged generation.

To me, and to me alone, was reserved the awful destiny of being invited to a party where were to assemble the first beauties of a country village—not daring to go until evening, lest the light of heaven should expose a thread-bare coat—having no clean shirt—not even a dickey which had not been worn ten times—supplying its place with a piece of writing paper—afraid to turn my head, lest the paper should rattle or be displaced—and then, just as a poor wretch was exulting in the hope that the stratagems of poverty were to pass undetected, to have a lady, perhaps the youngest and most beautiful in the whole party, come provokingly near, and beg to examine your collar, because she admires the pattern. Often has it been my lot to return from the company, where all hearts seemed to bound with gladness, to water my couch with tears, amid sorrows which I could tell to none, and with which none would sympathize. I thought it poverty. But I was mistaken. It was something else which begins with a P.

EXERCISE LVIII.

FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its own historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction;—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves; unchained from the workshop and door-post of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of

which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know, — the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

EXERCISE LIX.

THE RULING PASSION.

WITHOUT one word from the historian, and only by studying a people's relics, and investigating the figurative expressions in their literature and law, one might see reflected, as from a mirror, the moral scale on which they arranged their ideas of good and great. Though history should not record a single line in testimony of the fact, yet who, a thousand years hence, could fail to read, in their symbols, in their forms of speech, and in the technical terms of their law, the money-getting, money-worshipping tendencies of all commercial nations, during the last and the present centuries? The word "sovereign," we know, means a potentate invested with lawful dignity and authority; and it implies subjects who are bound to honor and obey. Hence, in Great Britain, a gold coin, worth twenty shillings, is called a "sovereign;" and happy is the political sovereign who enjoys such plenitude of power and majesty, and has so many loyal and devoted subjects, as this vicegerent of royalty. An ancient English coin was called an angel. Its value was only ten shillings, and yet it was named after a messenger from heaven. In the Scriptures, and in political law, a crown is the emblem and personification of might and majesty, of glory and blessedness. The synonyme of all these is a piece of silver worth six shillings and seven pence. As the king has his répre-

sentative in a sovereign, so a duke has his in a ducat, — the inferior value of the latter corresponding with the inferior dignity of its archetype. As Napoleon was considered the mightiest ruler that France ever knew, so, for many years, her highest coin was called a Napoleon; though now, in the French mint, they strike double-Napoleons. God grant that the world may never see a double-Napoleon of flesh and blood! Our forefathers subjected themselves to every worldly privation for the sake of liberty, — and when they had heroically endured toil and sacrifice for eight long years, and at last achieved the blessing of independence, they showed their veneration for the Genius of Liberty by placing its image and superscription — upon a cent!

So, too, in our times, epithets the most distinctively sacred are tainted with cupidity. Mammon is not satisfied with the heart-worship of his devotees; he has stolen the very language of the Bible and the Liturgy; and the cardinal words of the sanctuary have become the business phraseology of bankers, exchange-brokers, and lawyers. The word "good," as applied to character, originally meant benevolent, virtuous, devout, pious; — now, in the universal dialect of traffic and credit, a man is technically called good who pays his notes at maturity; and thus, this almost divine epithet is transferred from those who laid up their treasures in heaven, to such as lay up their treasures on earth. The three days' respite which the law allows for the payment of a promissory note, or bill of exchange, after the stipulated period has expired, is called "grace," in irreverent imitation of the sinner's chance for pardon. On the performance of a broken covenant, by which a mortgaged estate is saved from forfeiture, it is said, in the technical language of the law, to be saved by "redemption." The document by which a deceased man's estate is bequeathed to his survivors is called a testament; and were the glad tidings of the New Testament looked for as anxiously as are the contents of a rich man's last will and testament, there would be no further occasion for the Bible Societies. Indeed, on opening some of our law-books, and casting the eye along the running-titles at the top of the pages,

or on the marginal notes, and observing the frequent recurrence of such words as "covenant-broken," "grace," "redemption," "testament," and so forth, one might very naturally fall into the mistake of supposing the book to be a work on theology, instead of the law of real estate or bank stock.

EXERCISE LX.

WHY DO NOT OUR COMMON SCHOOLS ACCOMPLISH MORE ?

THE great, the paramount cause, why our common schools do not, in many instances, accomplish more, is to be found in the want of interest in them: the almost universal indifference, the deathlike lethargy, which has fallen upon the great mass of the community. Legislators are too ardently engaged in the great work of developing the natural resources of the state, to devote much thought to the consideration of ways and means for the development of its mental and moral resources. Capitalists, concentrating their energies upon the construction of railroads and manufactories, have turned aside from the humble, and, of old, well-trodden highway of knowledge, and heed but little the moral and intellectual machinery which is in operation all around them. Philosophers, intent upon the discovery of new and more brilliant lights in the natural, intellectual, and moral systems, have no eye or thought for the lesser lights which glimmer in the district schoolhouse. The aged, whose children have passed beyond the period of childhood and youth, whose interest in the things of earth is becoming weaker and weaker day by day, — the young, buoyant with life and energy, to whom the future is a cloudless prospect, — see, in the education of the rising generation, or its neglect, little or nothing to excite their hopes or fears. The rich, compelled to seek for their children, in the private school or academy, that which they in vain sought for in the public school, feel but little sympathy for a system which they are compelled to support, but which has totally failed to meet their wants. The poor, even, strange as it may appear

fail to appreciate the privilege and opportunity afforded them, of bestowing upon their children a virtuous and manly education, and yield grudgingly even the time which is necessarily consumed in the effort to acquire it. Parents, who, at home, carefully watch, lest an impure word or act should defile the innocence of their children, — lest the breath of heaven should visit them too roughly, — seldom, if ever, visit the schoolroom, to learn how their morals and their health are cared for there; — while children, wearied of the task, in which no one, save their teacher, manifests the slightest interest, look forward to the period of their liberation from the thralldom of school, as the brightest day in life's calendar. Justice to that portion of the community who regard the cause of popular education in its true light, as the cause of God and humanity, and who gladly avail themselves of every fitting opportunity to promote its interest, requires me to add, that this fatal indifference, wide-spread and pernicious in its influences as it is, is not universal: — but the labors of the few can avail but little, so long as the public mind lies torpid under the influence of this chilling apathy.

EXERCISE · LXI.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the May-flower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base

the dismal sound of the pumps is heard ; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow ; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious

EXERCISE LXII.

MOTIVES TO MORAL ACTION.

THE motives to moral action press upon the American citizen with unusual force at the present time. Upon us the hopes of man are resting, in every part of the world. Wherever humanity toils for a scanty subsistence; wherever the iron heel of oppression falls upon the people; wherever the last hope of liberty is dead —

——— From the burning plains
Where Lybian monsters yell,
From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's sunless climes,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the sky —

"the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself not only to the general but to the individual ear, calling upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our hands."

Let the American citizen feel the responsibilities of his position, with a determination that the hopes of the world shall not be disappointed. Nor let him mistake the nature of his duties. Many men acknowledge our evils and our dangers, but seek in vain for the remedy. They are ready for any sacrifice, but earnestly inquire when and where it is to be made. We eagerly seize upon any excuse for the non-performance of duty. "Give me where to stand," cried the ancient philosopher, "and I will move the world." "Find where to stand," shouts the modern reformer. "Stand where you are," is the voice of reason and religion. It is not upon some great and distant enterprise that our duty will call us. It is not in the tented field that our services will be needed. The battle-ground is in our own hearts; the enemy, in our own bosoms. And when the passions of men are subdued, when selfishness is purged from humanity, when lust ceases to burn, when anger is entirely restrained, when jealousy, hatred and revenge are unknown, then, and then only, is the victory won.

EXERCISE LXIII.

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF NEW YORK

VAST as are the interests of the empire state, with a population approaching to that of the whole united colonies at the time they achieved their independence, and a valuation probably exceeding that of the whole country during the revolutionary struggle; with a soil fertile in vegetable, and stored with mineral productions; with a splendid system of internal improvements, yielding its millions of direct revenue to the state, yet, indirectly, a hundred fold more valuable to the citizens, from the means which it furnishes for universal competence and comfort; with an extent of territory almost equal to that of England; occupying a central and commanding position, by which it is open to the ocean on one side, and connected on all others with immense regions, filled with industrious and populous communities, so that a great part of the commerce of the western world passes through its gates, and pays its tribute; yet in the midst of these vast and varied interests, its true interest, THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE, transcends them all.

For, to what purpose is there a combination of all these constituents of greatness, which make it truly an empire state; of what avail is its territorial extent, measured, as it is, by degrees of latitude and longitude upon the earth's surface; why are its great thoroughfares and cities piled and heaped high with accumulated riches; to what end does every inflowing tide pour wealth upon its shores: if, amid all these elements of worldly power, the mind of man have not an overmastering power; if the intellect and morals do not rise above them, and predominate, and establish a supremacy over them, and convert them from gratifications of appetite, passions, and pride, into instruments of mental and spiritual well-being?

To devote worldly and material resources to intellectual and moral improvement, to change corporeal riches into mental treasures, is to transmute the dull, cold, perishable things of earth and time into celestial and immortal capacities; as by the mysterious processes of

nature the dark mould of the valley is turned into flowers and fruits. "Excelsior" is the motto which that great state has chosen. Let her wisely fulfil that noble idea, by striving, through the means of an enlarged and thorough education of her people, to rise higher and higher in the endless scale of good.

EXERCISE LXIV.

THE YEAR 1776.

THERE is, perhaps, no period in the revolutionary struggle to which we can recur more profitably than to the anxious summer and the gloomy autumn of 1776. The courage which survived such disasters, the hope which lived on amid so many discouragements, the faith which no reverses nor difficulties could shake, and which finally rose triumphant over them all, have long commanded, and must ever command, the wonder of the world. And shall they not awaken something more than admiration in us, to whose benefit they have inured so largely?

It was while chilled by these blasts of adversity, while watered, as it were, by the tears of those great spirits, who for a long time could bring to the suffering cause little besides their own indomitable energies, that the tree of freedom was sending its roots outward and downward, and gathering strength for that rapidly expanding growth which marked the summer of its prosperity. It is not, be it ever remembered, the magnitude of armies, the masterly tactics by which mighty masses are made to march and countermarch, the brilliancy of the charge, the steady bravery of the repulse, or all the bloody statistics of the most ensanguined conflict, which can attach to military operations a true and lasting interest. A hundred terrible battles gave to Napoleon a fame unequalled in the annals of war, and that "name, at which the world grew pale." But they were unconnected with high principle, they were followed by no great, benignant results, and in the sober estimate of future times will rank, in importance, far below those Fabian cam

paigns, which laid the foundations of an empire, that already walks, with its rank unchallenged, among the foremost powers of earth.

Not in vain, then, was even the defeat of Brooklyn; not in vain the anguish with which the usually calm spirit of Washington was that day torn. Not in vain were those two anxious days and nights which he passed on horseback, and which saved from death or captivity nine thousand men. These, and more,—the reluctant abandonment of the city, the cowardice and desertion of the militia, the loss of the forts, and that sad retreat of the reduced, discouraged, barefooted, and half naked army through the Jerseys,—were all needed. In the immortal letters and despatches of the great commander, and in the painful annals of the time, we read the cost and the value of what we are now enjoying. Without these we had not fully known how inherent, how enduring and elastic, is the power of an earnest and virtuous patriotism. Without them, even the transcendent name of Washington could not have filled the mighty measure of its fame.

EXERCISE LXV.

THE STATES IN RELATION TO EDUCATION.

IN a government like ours, in which hereditary rights are unasserted, where title and ancestry give place to the superior claims of personal merit, where it may be said, with emphasis, men are made, not born, the education of our country's youth becomes an object of paramount importance. Upon it rests the security of our individual and social enjoyments, the permanency of our civil and religious institutions, and the perpetuity of our national government. And in what, let me ask, does the perfection of civil liberty consist? Not in allowing every man to do as he pleases, without regard to consequences, certainly. But rather in abridging the privileges of individuals, whenever it becomes necessary to do so, in order to promote the general prosperity of the whole.

To enjoy civil and religious liberty, a people must be educated; not a few of them merely, but the whole people. This truth might be illustrated by reference to the history of nations, and the prosperity of different states, and of the same state at different periods in her history. If we would know and enjoy our privileges as citizens of an independent and confederate state, we must develop our own moral and intellectual resources. If we would perpetuate the blessings of a free government, we must educate our country's youth. Every child in our land, on arriving at the period of his majority, should be able to read our common language understandingly, write legibly, and compute accounts. Nay, more, he should understand the genius of our government, be an independent thinker, and be thoroughly established in virtue.

The spirit of a republican government cannot exist, where the means of knowledge are not universally disseminated among the body politic. Demagogues may harangue an ignorant populace and basely eulogize them as the enlightened democracy, to obtain their votes, and secure their own promotion for sinister purposes, while the form of government remains unchanged. But the glory has departed. The people, in such cases, are led by traitors in a way they know not. They are no longer free. They are, to all intents and purposes, in slavery.

EXERCISE LXVI.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE work in which the friends of popular education throughout Christendom are engaged, infinitely transcends, in importance, all other temporal interests. It involves not only the welfare and happiness of the present and succeeding generations, but the welfare and the very existence of the republic. Degrade free schools, and you degrade the people; and in the footsteps of that degradation will follow poverty, oppression, crime, and anarchy. Elevate the free schools, and you elevate the character of the people; you lift up the down-trodden,

and give new courage to the faint-hearted; you break the sword and spear of the strong, and gird the weak with triple armor; you strengthen the links of the golden chain which binds man to man, and earth to heaven; you take the first great step towards abolishing the factitious distinctions which are permitted to exist in society, and make the equality of man a living reality; and you hasten the coming of those predicted ages when man shall be re-created in the moral image of his Maker, and earth become again an Eden.

In this great and glorious work there should be no sluggards. Let no man do himself the gross injustice to believe, and act upon the belief, that he can exert no influence. Every member of the community can do something, and that something he is bound, by the most solemn obligations, to do. It matters not what may be his condition or calling, whether the station he occupies be public or private, whether he be rich or poor, there is that in this cause which should excite his liveliest interest and call forth his noblest efforts.

The preservation of our civil and religious rights, of reputation, of property, the present and future well-being of the state, of ourselves and our children, demand at our hands prompt, efficient, unwearied action. It appeals to us as Christians, philanthropists, patriots! As we would diffuse far and wide the blessed influences of the religion of Jesus; as we would uphold the dignity of human nature; as we would save the ballot-box, and the trial by jury, — the life-breath and the life-blood of the republic, — from becoming the senseless echo of the demagogue, the instrument of oppression and wrong; be it ours to cherish, encourage, elevate the free school! In the hands of the people is its destiny. We may make it what we will; — our glory, or our shame! The safe and sure foundation, or the sepulchre of our hopes! To what worthier cause can our united influence be lent! To what holier service can a nation's life be devoted!

EXERCISE LXVII.

INDIAN CHARACTER.

WITH a strength of character and a reach of intellect unknown in any other race of absolute savages, the Indian united many traits, some of them honorable and some degrading to humanity, which made him formidable in his enmity, faithless in his friendship, and at all times a dangerous neighbor: cruel, implacable, treacherous, yet not without a few of the better qualities of the heart and the head; a being of contrasts, violent in his passions, hasty in his anger, fixed in his revenge, yet cool in counsel, seldom betraying his plighted honor, hospitable, sometimes generous. A few names have stood out among them, which, with the culture of civilization, might have been shining stars on the lists of recorded fame. Philip, Pondiac, Sassacus, if the genius of another Homer were to embalm their memory, might rival the Hectors and Agamemnons of heroic renown; scarcely less savage, not less sagacious or brave.

Indian eloquence, if it did not flow with the richness of Nestor's wisdom, or burn with Achilles' fire, spoke in the deep, strong tones of nature, and resounded from the chords of truth. The answer of the Iroquois chief to the French, who wished to purchase his lands, and push him further into the wilderness, Voltaire has pronounced superior to any sayings of the great men commemorated by Plutarch. "We were born on this spot; our fathers are buried here. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a strange land?"

But more has been said of their figurative language than seems to be justified by modern experience. Writers of fiction have distorted the Indian character, and given us anything but originals. Their fancy has produced sentimental Indians, a kind of beings that never existed in reality; and Indians clothing their ideas in the gorgeous imagery of external nature, which they had neither the refinement to conceive nor words to express

In truth, when we have lighted the pipe of concord, kindled or extinguished a council-fire, buried the bloody

hatchet, sat down under the tree of peace with its spreading branches, and brightened the chain of friendship, we have nearly exhausted their flowers of rhetoric. But the imagery prompted by internal emotion, and not by the visible world, the eloquence of condensed thought and pointed expression, the eloquence of a diction extremely limited in its forms, but nervous and direct, the eloquence of truth unadorned and of justice undisguised, these are often found in Indian speeches, and constitute their chief characteristic.

It should, moreover, be said for the Indians, that, like the Carthaginians, their history has been written by their enemies. The tales of their wrongs and their achievements may have been told by the warrior-chiefs to stimulate the courage and perpetuate the revenge of their children, but they were traces in the sand; they perished in a day, and their memory is gone.

EXERCISE LXVIII.

THE SPIRIT OF NEW ENGLAND.

It has been apprehended by some, that the fame of New England will fade before the increasing glories of the more powerful sister states. But the apprehension is unfounded. She must ever form an important member of the Union. She must ever sparkle a brilliant star in the constellation of the confederated states, as long as she preserves her religious, civil and literary character, her indefatigable industry, and her commercial enterprise. For in what consist the greatness and respectability of a nation? Most assuredly, not in the numerical superiority of its inhabitants, or in the extent of its territory. If that were the case, China and India would be more powerful than Europe.

But the greatness and respectability of a nation consist in the virtue, and vigor, and talents of its citizens. Rome, which sprang from the humblest origin, by her admirable institutions, and steady valor, and free spirit, subdued and overawed the world. Athens and Sparta, both small states, but glorying in freedom and independ-

dence, repulsed and defeated the numerous armies of the Great King; and Alexander, with thirty thousand Grecians, subjugated the various and extensive provinces of Asia.

What enabled the land of our fathers, in a late contest, with very inferior numbers, successfully to resist almost all Europe combined against her, under the auspices of one of the ablest generals that any age has ever produced? The freedom of her constitution, and that spirit which freedom never fails to inspire, aided by her commercial wealth, and the navy which protects it. And while these shall remain unimpaired, the conquest of Western Europe, by the arms of the northern powers, will prove an idle dream. It never can be realized, while superiority of civilization shall continue in favor of the opponent.

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Nor starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No. Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men; who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;—
These constitute a state.

EXERCISE LXIX.

INTEMPERANCE.

THE legitimate and inevitable consequence of intemperance is to wither every plant of virtue, and dry up every stream of goodness in the human heart. Of all vices, it is the most ruinous in its consequences. It is

the prolific mother of crime ; the fertile source of disease, misery, and death. It completely effaces from the soul all sentiments of right and wrong ; all parental, fraternal, and sisterly affection ; all sense of shame ; all regard for man ; all fear of God. It paralyzes the limbs, that they cannot move ; deadens the ear, that it cannot hear ; blinds the eye, that it cannot see ; hardens the heart, that it cannot feel. It converts a man first into a brute, and next into a fiend. Like the fabled hydra, it is a monster of a hundred heads ; like Briareus, of a hundred hands. Its effects are like those of the fabled river of Andalusia, which withers up every plant it touches, and in whose stream no fish can live. Its victims are bound in the chains of a slavery perpetual and unremitted. Like Ixion, they are lashed to a wheel whose revolution is eternal. Like Sisyphus, they are laboring to roll to the top of a hill a rock that is perpetually recoiling upon them. Like Tantalus, they are forever surrounded by waters they cannot drink, and fruits they cannot taste. Like Prometheus, they are chained, not to a Caucasian rock, where the vulture will feed upon the liver for a brief period, but to the rock of death, where Conscience will ever feed upon the soul.

And who is there that cannot point to some one, in the circle of his acquaintance, possessed of rare intellectual gifts, and who once gave fair promise of future eminence and renown, who has fallen a victim to this terrible vice ? Unhappy man ! For him, the valley of Tempe, the garlands of Helicon, and the laurels that bloom on the brow of Parnassus, have now no charms. His fancy wanders no more to the banks of the Mæander, or the cool Cephissus. He no longer delights to sit beneath the pines of Frascati, or meditate in the quiet groves of Pythagoras. The glorious communions he once held with the departed spirits of other times have gone — forever gone ! The blind old bard of Greece, and he of Mantua, whose silver verse so oft enraptured his youthful fancy, have ceased their ange' visits ; and instead, have come the desolate bosom, the throes and tossings of horror and hopelessness, the undying worm and the unquenchable fire of drunkenness !

EXERCISE LXX.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

It is as certain as the concurring testimony of nature and revelation can make it, that the Almighty Father designs to render this earth, at last, the happy abode of nations and of men dwelling together in peace and love. To doubt the progress of humanity is, to me, the same as to doubt the Divine power, and wisdom, and goodness. To say that liberty can be utterly overthrown, and the just rights of man forever trampled in the dust, strikes upon my ears as nothing short of infidelity and impiety. But if we believe that the cause of humanity, as such, the world over, is to be promoted, why should we doubt that its progress here will be as rapid as elsewhere?

With all our faults, and all our misfortunes, it is still a truth which ought never to be overlooked, and which it would be as audacious to deny as it is ungrateful to forget, that no government ever invented has worked so well as that wonderful and beautiful system which the framers of the Constitution of the American Union contrived, and successfully recommended to the states and people — preserving, as it does, the local sovereignty of the several members of the confederacy, while, for purposes common to them all, it consolidates them into one compact and vigorous empire. It has proved itself admirably adapted to collect and concentrate the moral and physical force of the nation against a foreign enemy; and recent events have most gloriously shown the self-sustaining energy which remains even in the smallest states of the confederacy.

Occasional jars, and interferences, and perplexities, and threatening dangers, arise, but they belong to human things, and nowhere, beneath the sun, can we rationally expect entirely to avoid them. Yes, my fellow-countrymen, let Faith and Hope be the pillars of our patriotism, as of our piety. The blessings we enjoy, as citizens of this free land, will assuredly descend, with a tide of ever increasing depth and width, to our posterity. When we look into the past, we see the hand of God laying the foundations of the temple of our liberties,

and when we look into the future, the depths of its boundless *vistas* are irradiated by the assurance that He will never permit the weakness or the wickedness of man to overthrow it.

EXERCISE LXXI.

EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE military events of the Revolution, which necessarily occupy so much of its history, are not less honorable to the actors, nor less fruitful in the evidences they afford of large design and ability of character. But these we need not recount. They live in the memory of all; we have heard them from the lips of those who saw and suffered; they are inscribed on imperishable monuments; the very hills and plains around us tell of achievements which can never die; and the day will come, when the traveller, who has gazed and pondered at Marathon and Waterloo, will linger on the mount where Prescott fought and Warren fell, and say — Here is the field where man has struggled in his most daring conflicts; here is the field where liberty poured out her noblest blood, and won her brightest and most enduring laurels.

Happy was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius and the Theban Epaminondas, and compared with whom, the conquerors of the world, the Alexanders and Cæsars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained an ascendancy supreme, unrivalled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

EXERCISE LXXII.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL FORCE.

IF my voice could but reach those of my fellow-countrymen who feel themselves deprived of their just natural rights; who, whether in the North or the South, are excluded from the privileges of freemen;—and I claim a right to appeal to them, for no heart in the land beats with a livelier and deeper sympathy for them than mine;—I would beg and implore them never, voluntarily and of choice, — never, unless absolutely driven to it by their oppressors, — to resort to violence, however clearly the physical and numerical force may seem to be within their grasp. The awful and murderous operations of military power can only be justified when directed against a foreign invader, or domestic conspirators attempting to obtain possession of the government by force of arms;—even in such cases they must be allowed to be in themselves great evils, and are only tolerated because necessary to put down still greater evils. They cannot be rightfully employed as the means of enlarging the liberties, or reforming the abuses, of any nation or community.

The horrors and cruelties of civil and intestine war, the bloodshed and the barbarism of the battle-field, the furies and the crimes attendant upon massacre, conflagration, and pillage, can never be made to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, peace, and equal rights, to enter and take up their abode in any land. They serve only to bind upon it still more firmly the burden and the woes of slavery and sin. “All they that take the sword,” that is, select and adopt it as the means of improving their social or political condition, “shall perish with the sword.” But truth is mighty, reason is mighty, conscience is mighty, the spirit of human and of Christian benevolence is mightier than them all, and the most despised minority, the most trampled victims of oppression and slavery, if they make these the weapons of their warfare, and wield them in faith, patience, and perseverance, will be sure to conquer, for God will be their ally. And the strongest and fiercest giant, who

comes to the field with a spear, and with a sword, and with a shield, will be sure to fall before the merest strippling who meets him in the name of the Lord.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

SPEECH OF CORNPLANTER.*

[Addressed to Pres. Washington at Philadelphia, in 1790.]

FATHER:—The voice of the Seneca nation speaks to you,—the great counsellor in whose hearts the wise men of all the thirteen fires† have placed their wisdom. It may be very small in your ears, and we, therefore, entreat you to hearken with attention, for we are able to speak of things which are to us very great.

When your army entered the country of the Six Nations, we called you the town-destroyer; and to this day, when this name is heard, our women look behind and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers.

When our chiefs returned from Fort Starwix, and laid before our council what had been done there, our nation was surprised to hear how great a country you had compelled them to give up to you, without your paying to us anything for it. Every one said, that your hearts were yet swelled with resentment against us for what had happened during the war, but that one day you would consider it with more kindness; for, said we, what have we done to deserve such severe chastisement?

Father; when you kindled your thirteen fires separately, the wise men assembled at them told us you were all brothers; the children of one great father, who regarded the red people as his children. They called us brothers, and invited us to his protection. They told us that he resided beyond the great waters where the sun first rises; and that he was a king whose power no people could resist, and that his goodness was as bright

* We give this and the three following pieces as specimens of Indian eloquence.

† Thirteen States.

as the sun. What they said went to our hearts; we accepted the invitation and promised to obey him. What the Seneca nation promise they faithfully perform. When you refused obedience to that king, he commanded us to assist his beloved men in making you sober. In obeying him we did no more than yourselves had led us to promise. We were deceived; but your people, teaching us to confide in that king, had helped to deceive us; and we now appeal to your heart. Is all the blame ours?

Father; when we saw that we had been deceived, and heard the invitation which you gave us to draw near to the fire you had kindled, and talk with you concerning peace, we made haste towards it. You told us you could crush us to nothing; and you demanded from us a great country as the price of that peace which you had offered to us, as if our want of strength had destroyed our rights. Our chiefs had felt your power, and were unable to contend against you, and they therefore gave up that country. What they agreed to has bound our nation; but your anger against us must by this be cooled, and although our strength is not increased, nor your power become less, we ask you to consider calmly,—Were the terms dictated to us by your commissioners reasonable and just?

EXERCISE LXXIV.

SPEECH OF BLACK HAWK.

[Addressed to Gen. Street, before whom Black Hawk was brought as a prisoner, at Prairie du Chien, in 1832.]

You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal

I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men. They will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papposes, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves. The white men are bad school-masters. They carry false looks, and deal in false actions. They smile in the face of the poor Indians to cheat them. They shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, and to deceive them. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them,—hypocrites and liars, adulterers, and lazy drones, all talkers and no workers. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction, things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving. We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our

wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war whoop, and dug up the tomahawk. Our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him.

EXERCISE LXXV.

SPEECH OF RED JACKET.

[A reply to the address of a missionary at a council of the chiefs of the Six Nations, in 1805.]

FRIEND AND BROTHER! It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and Him only.

Brother! listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun; the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us; your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small; they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a

small seat; we took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; and, in return, they gave us poison. The white people now having found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends: they called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their number so increased, that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also distributed liquor amongst us, which has slain thousands.

Brother! Once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother! Continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say? * * * * *

EXERCISE LXXVI.

STORY AND SPEECH OF LOGAN.

IN the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians on certain land adventurers on the river Ohio. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a

summary way. Captain Michael Cresap, and a certain Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, travelling and hunting parties of the Indians, having their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these were, unfortunately, the family of Logan, a chief, celebrated in peace and war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites.

This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoës, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

PART II.—PIECES OF POETRY.

EXERCISE I.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait !

EXERCISE II.

AMBITION, FALSE AND TRUE.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath,
 I would not court his crown ;
 For love and virtue sink beneath
 His dark and vengeful-frown.

I would not seek my fame to build
 On glory's dizzy height ; —
 Her temple is with orphans filled :
 Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem,
 By folly prized so dear ;
 For want and woe have bought each gem,
 And every pearl's a tear.

I would not heap the golden chest
 That sordid spirits crave ;
 For every grain, by penury cursed,
 Is gathered from the grave.

No ; let my wreath unsullied be,
 My fame be virtuous youth ;
 My wealth be kindness, charity, —
 My diadem be truth !

EXERCISE III.

ON VISITING A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
 Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green, —
 The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed,
 By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

thought of the friends who had roamed with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair,—
All scattered!—all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine crowned;
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees, under which we had strayed;
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the rind.

All eager, I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'T was a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,—
“Like a tale that is told,”—they had vanished away.

And methought the lone river, that murmured along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds, that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks at the fall of the grove.

I paused:—and the moral came home to my heart:—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless,—our hopes but a gleam,—
Our staff but a reed,—and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure;
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change, and the ruins of time.

EXERCISE IV.

A-HINT ON STREET MANNERS.

THOUGH books on Manners are not out of print,
An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.
Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the street:

While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back.

Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale :
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
And the rude office that insures his life,

Look in his face to meet thy neighbor's soul,
Not on his garments to detect a hole :
"How to observe" is what thy pages show,
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau !
O, what a precious book the one would be,
That taught observers what they're not to see !

I tell in verse — 't were better done in prose -
One curious trick that everybody knows ;
Once form this habit, and it's very strange
How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
Who meet, like others, every little while,
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"
Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand ;
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck ;
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed ;
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go !

EXERCISE V.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

THERE's a bold, bald bird, with a bending beak,
With an angry eye, and a startling shriek,
That inhabits the crag, where the cliff-flowers blow
On the precipice top, in perpetual snow.

He sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Bold, bald, and stripped, like a vulture torn,
In wind and strife, his feathers worn.

Al ruffled and stained, yet gleaming bright,
Round his serpent neck, that's wrinkled and white,
Winds a red tuft of hair, which glitters afar,
Like the crest of a chieftain thinned in war.

This bird of the cliff, where the barren yew springs,
Where the sun-beams play, and the wind-harp sings
Sits erect, unapproachable, fearless, and proud,
And screams, flies aloft, and lights in the cloud.

He's the bird of our banner:—the eagle that braves,
When the battle is there, the wrath of the waves;—
He rides on the storm, in its hurricane march,
'Mid lightning's broad blaze, across the blue arch.

He dips his bold wing in the blushes of day;
Drinks noon's fervid light, and eve's parting ray,
He visits the stars at their home in the sky,
And meets the sun's beam with an unquailing eye.

EXERCISE VI.

SPEED THE PROW.

Nor the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was, — 'tis so no longer, —
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale;
But my strength sunk with the wind
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had foundered surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm and shrouds, and heart renewed,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging towards the tomb :
Bright beyond, — on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse ! — land, land, land

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight, are fleeting fast ;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past ;
But where day's last spark declines
Glory everlasting shines.

EXERCISE VII.

PROLOGUE.

DEAR friends, we thank you for your condescension,
In deigning thus to lend us your attention ;
And hope the various pieces we recite
(Youth though we are) will yield you some delight.

From wisdom and from knowledge pleasure springs
Surpassing far the glaring pomp of kings ;
All outward splendor quickly dies away,
But wisdom's honors never can decay.

Blest is the man who treads her paths in youth, —
They lead to virtue, happiness, and truth ;
Sages and patriots in these ways have trod,
Saints have walked in them till they reached their God

The powers of eloquence can charm the soul,
Inspire the virtuous, and the bad control ;
Can rouse the passions, or their rage can still,
And mould a stubborn mob to one man's will.

Such powers the great Demosthenes attained,
 Who haughty Philip's conquering course restrained;
 Indignant thundering at his country's shame,
 Till every breast in Athens caught the flame.

Such powers were Cicero's:—with patriot might,
 He dragged the lurking treason forth to light,
 Which long had festered in the heart of Rome,
 And saved his country from her threatened doom.

Nor to the senate or the bar confined;—
 The pulpit shows its influence o'er the mind;
 Such glorious deeds can eloquence achieve;
 Such fame, such deathless laurels, it can give.

Then say not this, our weak attempt, is vain,
 For frequent practice will perfection gain;
 The fear to speak in public it destroys,
 And drives away the bashfulness of boys.

EXERCISE VIII.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres—
 Ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
 In a cottage, I;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
 Not a penny, I;
 But the poorer of the twain is
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
 But the landscape, I;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy;
 Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
 Freshening vigor, I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian,—
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
 Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors—
 Need of none have I;

Wealth surrounded, care-environed,
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, he 'll find me ready,—
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—
 In a daisy, I;
 Cleon hears no anthem ringing
 In the sea and sky;
 Nature sings to me forever—
 Earnest listener, I;
 State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change?—Not I.

EXERCISE IX.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
 Father, Mother,
 Sister, Brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled—we're all at home
 To-night let no cold stranger come;
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found;
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
 For once be every care forgot;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour;
 We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
 Looked in and thinned our little band:
 Some like a night-flash passed away,
 And some sank, lingering, day by day;
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
 And cruel Ocean has his share—
 We're not all here.

We are all here !

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears !
We see them, as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast ;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They 're round us, as they were of old,—
We are all here.

We are all here !

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear,
This may not long of us be said ;
Soon must we join the gathered dead ;
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh ! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below ;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We 're all—all here !

EXERCISE X.

PASSING AWAY.

I ASKED the stars, in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty, and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower ;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears :—

“ We have no light that hath not been given ;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven ;
We have no power wherein man may trust ;
Like him, are we things of time and dust ;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence is—‘ Passing away.”

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream— Passing away."

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,—
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—" Passing away."

"Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill;—
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime.
'T is the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man, at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust—" Passing away."

EXERCISE XI.

NEW ENGLAND.

LAND of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave,
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave,
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing!

Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born !
Or mark the stranger's jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart !
Oh ! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France ;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low ;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy,
And pillared fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb ;
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky ;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play !
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms ;
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade ;
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below !

EXERCISE XII.

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

[The writer of the following lines left the endearments of home, and lost his health, in the pursuit of wealth.]

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !

What vanity has brought thee here ?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear

For twilight converse, arm in arm ;

The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear,

When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,

Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,

Of Teviot loved while still a child ;

Of castled rocks, stupendous piled,

By Esk or Eden's classic wave ;

Where loves of youth and friendship smiled.

Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !

The perished bliss of youth's first prime,

That once so bright on fancy played,

Revives no more in after time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave ;

The daring thoughts, that soared sublime.

Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light

Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear ;—

A gentle vision comes by night,

My lonely widowed heart to cheer ;

Her eyes are dim with many a tear,

That once were guiding-stars to mine ;

Her fond heart throbs with many a fear —

I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave !

I left a heart that loved me true ;

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,

To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart: the grave,
 Dark and untimely, met my view;
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn;
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey;
 Vile slave! thy yellow dress I scorn;
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

EXERCISE XIII.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the Red Men be forgotten, when so many of our states, territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave;
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave;
 That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
 There rings no hunter's shout;—
 But their name is on your waters,—
 Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled;
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world;
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tributes from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have disappeared, as withered leaves
 Before the autumn gale;—

But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid her young renown;
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust;—
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy the dust.

EXERCISE XIV.

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
 By steps, each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall;
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched, or system breaks
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above all love, hope, hate, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure ;
 An age shall fleet, like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

EXERCISE XV.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares.
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands would scarcely earr.
 A living that would suit his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from enjoyment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine, —
In being merely rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last —
Both, children of the same dear God.
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

EXERCISE XVI.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
/ On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
/ The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
/ On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerors come,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
And the trumpet that sings of fame :

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear :
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest, by the white waves' foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band :
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine

Ay, call it holy ground, —
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God !

EXERCISE XVII.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

You cannot pay with money
 The million sons of toil —
 The sailor on the ocean,
 The peasant on the soil,
 The laborer in the quarry,
 The heaver of the coal ;
 Your money pays the hand,
 But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
 Whose turrets meet the sky ;
 Remember the foundations
 That in earth and darkness lie ;
 For, were not these foundations
 So darkly resting here,
 Yon towers could never soar up
 So proudly in the air.

The work-shop must be crowded,
 That the palace may be bright ;
 If the ploughman did not plough,
 Then the poet could not write.
 Then let every toil be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And have its share of honor,
 As a part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
 And enters where it may ;
 The eyes of all earth's people
 Are cheered with one bright day.
 And let the mind's true sunshine
 Be spread o'er earth so free,
 And fill the souls of men,
 As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need not have an earthly mind;
The digger 'mid the coal
Need not be in spirit blind;
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labor done,
As lowest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?
The thought that for his followers
A brighter day will shine.
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let the thought that comes from heaven
Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired!
And poets, let your lyres
With hope for man be fired!
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

EXERCISE XVIII.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings from the morning light!
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest tramping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven
When strides the warrior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free—
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight pall!—
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the swelling sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
 By angel hands to valor given !
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
 And all thy hues were born in heaven ;
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us ;
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

EXERCISE XIX.

NAPOLEON AT REST.

His falchion flashed along the Nile ;
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;
 O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the white,
 His eagle flag unrolled, — and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone ! Not one,
 Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
 Bends o'er his dust ; — nor wife nor son
 Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star,
 That led him on from crown to crown,
 Has sunk ; and nations from afar
 Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch ; — the ocean flood,
 Far, far below, by storms is curled ;
 As round him heaved, while high he stood,
 A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps ! The mountain cloud,
 That night hangs round him, and the breath
 Of morning scatters, is the shroud
 That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here ! The far-off world, at last,
 Breathes free ; the hand that shook its thrones
 And to the earth its mitres cast,
 Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
 And from Siberian wastes of snow,
 And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
 The world he awed to mourn him?—No;—

The only, the perpetual dirge,
 That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,—
 The mournful murmur of the surge,—
 The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

EXERCISE XX.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
 "Hark ye," said he; "'t is an odd story this,
 About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend.—"No! I'm surprised at that
 Where I come from, it is the common chat:
 But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happened, they are all agreed.
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
 "Impossible!"—"Nay, but 't is really true;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you."
 "From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
 "Yes, sir, I did; and, if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
 But, by-the-by, 't was two black crows, not three."
 Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
 "Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact
 Though in regard to number not exact;
 It was not two black crows, 't was only one;
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 "Where may I find him?"—"Why, in such a place."

- Away he goes, and having found him out, --
 " Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard.
 " Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" — " Not I!"
 Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one.
 And here I find all comes at last to none!
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
 " Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over." — " And pray, sir, what was 't?"
 " Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow!"

EXERCISE XXI.

CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
 Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
 For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
 By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
 John never was found in a murmuring mood;
 For this he was constantly heard to declare —
 What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear

For why should I grumble and murmur? he said;
 If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
 And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
 It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.

If John was afflicted with sickness and pain,
 He wished himself better, but did not complain;
 Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
 But said — that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
 Why John was good-natured and sociable still;
 For he said — that revenging the injury done
 Would be making two rogues, when there need be but one.

And thus, honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble ;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

EXERCISE XXII.

AN ACRE OF CORN.

I AM a poor ploughman, who never have wandered
Away from the sight and the pleasures of home ;
I have always been prudent, and never have squandered,
And so I have never been driven to roam.
For thirty long summers my shoulders have bended
In tilling the farm where my father was born ;
I live under his roof, and this season have tended,
With the plough that he left me, an acre of corn.

Though others may go to the southward and peddle,
And bring home of guineas and dollars good store,
I ne'er have desired with their crankums to meddle,
But to hoe in my garden that lies by my door.
When the sun is first rising, I always am hoeing
The mould, when 't is wet with the dews of the morn
And when he is higher, you will find me a mowing,
Or driving the plough in my acre of corn.

There are some who are crossing by sea to the island
They call Santa Cruz, with their horses and hay ;
For my part, I'd rather be safe here on dry land,
And hoe in my garden, or work by the day.
I am out to the field with the sun, and am mowing
Till called up at noon by the sound of the horn ;
Or else I am twirling my hoe, and am throwing
The mould round the roots of my acre of corn.

This corn is the sort that is tufted and bowing,
And when we have threshed it, 't is made into brooms ;
'T is the best of all besoms, so far as I'm knowing,
To sweep out the dirt and the dust from our rooms :
They always have raised it, since I can remember,
And, my father once told me, before I was born
He made brooms for his trade, and I guess by December
I shall make up a load from my acre of corn.

EXERCISE XXIII.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair!
I have treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat, with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide,
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow, —
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

EXERCISE XXIV.

THE POOR MAN'S HYMN.

WHY for a hoard of gold should I,
Like yonder squalid miser, care —
Or for the purple vestments sigh,
That sting the monarch's soul with care ?

Can the mean pittance of their gems,
Their stately ships that ride the sea,
Their sceptres, or their diadems,
Add, or take aught away from me ?

These are my wants — a simple scroll,
My food, my raiment, and a hearth ;
Where, with the chosen of my soul,
I proudly rise above the earth !

There are my riches — in the vales ;
The hill-sides, too, are gemmed with gold —
And whispering angels on the gales
Bring all that's needful to my fold.

This is my fold — the heart within,
Where answering smiles, that meet my own,
Are gifts I need not thirst to win,
And, won, are worthier than a throne !

The miser is a drudge, a slave !
Who never can his task fulfil ;
He nobly free, who does not crave
To weave a living web of ill !

Not while the azure sky is bright
And sparkling whither way I turn,
While all the earth is robed in light
From rays that, heaven reflected, burn ;

Not while these flowers perpetual spring
Beneath the dew drop and the sun,
Would I exchange with haughtiest king,
Or ask the crown that crime has won !

No ! for enough is all I care
To delve or sorrow as I go,
And I would always hope to share
That little with the loved below.

Kings to the dust their heads must bow,
 When life ebbs out mid grief and pain ;
 I tear no jewels from my brow,
 Nor weep to meet mine own again !

EXERCISE XXV.

LABOR.

[The following lines were suggested by the simple incident of an industrious wood-sawyer's reply to a man who told him his was hard work : " Yes, it is hard, to be sure ; but it is harder to do nothing," was his answer.]

Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
 And strike the sounding blow,
 Where, from the burning iron's breast
 The sparks fly to and fro,
 While answering to the hammer's ring,
 And fire's intenser glow !—
 O, while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And sweat the long day through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
 Whose hard hands guide the plough,
 Who bend beneath the summer sun,
 With burning cheeks and brow !—
 Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
 From olden time till now ;
 But while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And labor all day through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who plough the sea's blue field
 Who ride the restless wave,
 Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
 There lies a yawning grave,
 Around whose bark the wintry winds
 Like fiends of fury rave !—
 O, while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And labor long hours through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do

Ho, ye upon whose seivered cheeks
 The hectic glow is bright,
 Whose mental toil wears out the day,
 And half the weary night,
 Who labor for the souls of men,
 Champions of truth and right! —
 Although ye feel your toil is hard,
 Even with this glorious view,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho, all who labor — all who strive! —
 Ye wield a lofty power;
 Do with your might, do with your strength,
 Fill every golden hour!
 The glorious privilege to do
 Is man's most noble power.
 Oh, to your birthright and yours ~~yes~~,
 To your own souls, be true!
 A weary, wretched life is theirs,
 Who have no work to do.

EXERCISE XXVI.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

THERE came a man, in days of old,
 To hire a piece of land for gold,
 And urged his suit in accents meek,
 "One crop alone is all I seek;
 That harvest o'er, my claim I'll yield,
 And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
 And coldly with the stranger dealt,
 But found his last objection fail,
 And honeyed eloquence prevail;
 So took the proffered price in hand,
 And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride,
 And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
 At first, like tiny shoots they grew,
 Then broad and wide their branches threw;

But long before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring, reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,
Forgotten with his kindred clay.

Oh ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth, and free from care,
Should Vice or Indolence desire
The garden of your soul to hire,
No parley hold, reject their suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute!

My child, their first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark, o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee

EXERCISE XXVII.

LINES FOR AN EXHIBITION.

KIND friends and dear parents, we welcome you here,
To our nice pleasant schoolroom, and teachers so dear;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But we hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited, and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

We seek your approval with hearty good will,
And hope the good lessons our teachers instil
May make us submissive, and gentle and kind,
As well as enlighten and strengthen the mind.

For learning, we know, is more precious than gold,
But the worth of the heart's jewels ne'er can be told;
We'll strive, then, for virtue, truth, honor, and love,
And thus lay up treasures in mansions above

Our life is a school-time, and till that shall end,
 With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
 Oh let us perform well each task that is given,
 Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country! — 't is a glorious land,
 With broad arms stretched from shore to shore ;
 The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
 She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;
 And, nurtured on her ample breast,
 How many a goodly prospect lies,
 In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
 Enamelled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
 Like sunlit oceans roll afar ;
 Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
 Reflecting clear each trembling star ;
 And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
 Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
 Through forests, where the bounding fawn
 Beneath their sheltering branches leap

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
 Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
 Where love the air with music fills,
 And calm content and peace abide ;
 For plenty here her fulness pours,
 In rich profusion, o'er the land,
 And, sent to seize her generous store,
 There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God ! we thank thee for this home-
 This bounteous birth-land of the free ;
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of liberty ! —
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;
 And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
 Remain earth's loveliest paradise !

EXERCISE XXIX.

THE NEW ENGLANDER AMONG THE ALPS.

ALPS above Alps around me rise,
Lost in the very depths of air,
And stand between the earth and skies,
In calm, majestic grandeur there.
Stupendous heights, by man untrod !
Types of the mighty power of God !
Here stand ye, as ye stood, when first
Your splendor out of chaos burst ;
Here have you reared your giant forms,
From age to age, 'mid desolating storms.

Now glaciers stretch beneath my feet,
Lost in the cloudy air below,
By arrowy hail and tempests beat,
And covered with eternal snow ;
The chamois and the mountain deer
Can hardly find a shelter here ;
The eagle can scarce build her nest
Upon thy cold and icy breast ;
All, all is still. There breathes no sound : —
Thy frozen cliffs are wrapt in solitude profound.

Oh, solemn scene ! majestic ! vast !
Here will you ever stand, as now,
Omnipotence around you cast,
And God's own seal upon your brow ! —
Below a thousand torrents lie ;
Above, thy summits pierce the sky,
Sparkling before the astonished sight
Like pyramids of frozen light,
Here, e'en as now, in strength sublime,
The ice-clad cliffs shall stand throughout all coming time.

But while I on these mountains stand,
And while my heart with wonder thrills,
Shall I forget my native land —
My own New England hills ?
No, no ! there's not a spot on earth
Like that blest land that gave me birth ;
And even now before my eyes
Her rivers roll — her green hills rise, —
Her wild flowers bloom ! Thus bright and free,
My own New England home, my native land for me !

EXERCISE XXX.

THE DILATORY SCHOLAR.

Oh! where is my hat? — it is taken away,
And my shoestrings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil nowhere can be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
And hop about just like a flea.

Do, Rachel, just look for my Atlas, up stairs;
My Virgil is somewhere there, too;
And, sister, brush down these troublesome hairs, —
And, brother, just fasten my shoe.

And, mother, beg father to write an excuse;
But stop — he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball, —
There's no playing for such a poor chap!

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear;
Then away to the foot I must sink: —
There, look at my History, tumbled down here!
And my Algebra covered with ink!

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat very fast,
To be off when I have n't done mine.

Now, Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late;
To-morrow I'll be up at six.

EXERCISE XXXI.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand ;
 A pearly shell was in my hand :
 I stooped and wrote upon the sand
 My name — the year — the day.
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast :
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lides away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me ;
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been, to be no more,
 Of me — my day — the name I bore —
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought ;
 Of all this thinking soul has thought ;
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

EXERCISE XXXII.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, —
 The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
 Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 ('T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

EXERCISE XXXIII.

PHILIP OF MOUNT HOPE.

AWAY! away! I will not hear
 Of aught but death or vengeance now!
 By the eternal skies, I ne'er
 The willing knee will cause to bow!
 I will not hear a word of peace,
 Nor grasp, in friendly grasp, a hand
 Linked to the pale-browed stranger race.
 That work the ruin of our land!

Before their coming, we had ranged
 Our forests and our uplands free ;
 Still let us keep unsold, unchanged,
 The heritage of liberty !
 As free as rolls the chainless stream,
 Still let us roam our ancient woods !
 As free as break the morning beams,
 That light our mountain solitudes !

Touch not the hand they stretch to you !
 The falsely proffered cup, put by !—
 Will you believe a coward true ?
 Or taste the poison-draught, to die ?
 Their friendship is a lurking snare ;
 Their honor, but an idle breath ;
 Their smile, the smile that traitors wear ;
 Their love is hate, their life is death !

Plains which your infant feet have roved.
 Broad streams you skimmed in light canoes,
 Green woods and glens your fathers loved—
 Whom smile they for, if not for you ?
 And could your fathers' spirits look,
 From lands where deathless verdure waves,
 Nor curse the craven hearts that brook
 To barter for a nation's graves ?

Then raise, once more, the warrior song,
 That tells despair and death are nigh !
 Let the loud summons peal along,
 Bending the arches of the sky !
 And till your last white foe shall kneel,
 And in his coward pangs expire—
 Sleep—but to dream of band and steel !
 Wake—but to deal in blood and fire !

EXERCISE XXXIV

THE FIELDS OF WAR.

THEY rise, by stream and yellow shore,
 By mountain, moor, and fen ;
 By weedy rock and torrent hoar,
 And lonesome forest glen !

From many a woody, moss-grown mound,
Start forth a war-worn band,
As when, of old, they caught the sound
Of hostile arms, and closed around,
To guard their native land.

Hark! to the clanging horn;
Hark! to the rolling drum!
Arms glitter in the flash of morn,
The hosts to battle come!
The serried files, the plumèd troop,
Are marshalled once again,
Along the Hudson's mountain group,
Along the Atlantic main!

On Bunker, at the dead of night,
I seem to view the raging fight,
The burning town, the smoky height,
The onset, the retreat!
And down the banks of Brandywine;
I see the levelled bayonets shine;
And lurid clouds of battle twine,
Where struggling columns meet!

Yorktown and Trenton blaze once more,
And by the Delaware's frozen shore,
The hostile guns at midnight roar,
The hostile shouts arise!
The snows of Valley-Forge grow red,
And Saratoga's field is spread
With heaps of undistinguished dead,
And filled with dying cries!

'Tis o'er; the battle-shout has died
By ocean, stream, and mountain side;
And the bright harvest, far and wide,
Waves o'er the blood-drenched field,
The rank grass o'er it greenly grows,
And oft the upturning shares disclose
The buried arms and bones of those
Who fell, but would not yield!

Time's rolling chariot hath effaced
The very hillocks where were placed
The bodies of the dead, in haste,
When closed the furious fight.

The ancient fort and rampart-mound
Long since have settled to the ground,
On Bunker's famous height,
And the last relics of the brave
Are sinking to oblivion's grave!

EXERCISE XXXV.

THE PILGRIMS.

Across the rolling ocean
Our Pilgrim Fathers came,
And here, in rapt devotion,
Adored their Maker's name.
Amid New England's mountains
Their temple sites they chose,
And by its streams and fountains
The choral song arose.

Their hearts with freedom burning,
They felled the forests wide,
And reared the halls of learning—
New England's joy and pride;
Through scenes of toil and sadness
In faith they struggled on,
That future days of gladness
And glory might be won.

The men of noble spirit,
The Pilgrims, are at rest—
The treasures we inherit
Proclaim their memory blest!
From every valley lowly,
From mountain tops above,
Let grateful thoughts, and holy,
Rise to the God of love.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW ENGLAND's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.

Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were,—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound!

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.

The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle eve.
When like a king he bore him ;
Proud hosts, in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs, before him ;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds, —
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds, —
No daunting thoughts came o'er him ;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean ; its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet ; —
On earth ; and saw, from east to west,
His bannered millions meet ; —
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet !
He heard the imperial echoes ring, —
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next, alone : — nor camp,
Nor chief, his steps attended ;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom Fortune high
So lately seemed to deify ;
He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave !
Behind, — the foe ; — before, — the wave.

He stood, — fleet, army, treasure, — gone, —
Alone and in despair !
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there ;

And Xerxes, in a single bark,
 Where late his thousand ships were dark,
 Must all their fury dare ;
 What a revenge — a trophy, this —
 For thee, immortal Salamis !

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

▲ CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Two hundred years ! — two hundred years ! —
 How much of human power and pride,
 What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
 Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide ! —

The red man, at his horrid rite,
 Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
 His bark canoe its track of light
 Left on the wave beneath the moon, —

His dance, his yell, his council-fire,
 The altar where his victim lay,
 His death-song, and his funeral pyre, —
 That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,
 That on this shore, with trembling, trod,
 Ready to faint, yet bearing on
 The ark of freedom and of God.

And war — that, since, o'er ocean came,
 And thundered loud from yonder hill,
 And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
 To blast that ark — its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
 That live in story and in song,
 Time, for the last two hundred years,
 Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'T is like a dream when one awakes —
 This vision of the scenes of old :
 'T is like the moon when morning breaks,
 'T is like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we?—then what are we?
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
Which makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity!

EXERCISE XXXIX.

YANKEE SHIPS.

OUR Yankee ships! in fleet career,
They linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from other lands
Court favoring tide and wind.
With banners on the breeze, they leap
As gayly o'er the foam
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave, with luring smiles,
Swept round them bright to-day;
And havens of Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yet these evening shadows close,
Or this frail song is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic brightness gleam,
Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak
Or blows the stormy gale;
On to the water's furthest verge
Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
 That swells beneath the sky ;
 And where old ocean's billows roll
 Their lofty pennants fly :
 They furl their sheets in threatening clouds
 That float across the main,
 To link with love earth's distant bays,
 In many a golden chain.

EXERCISE XL.

PLEA FOR THE RED MAN.

I VENERATE the Pilgrim's cause,
 Yet for the Red Man dare to plead :
 We bow to Heaven's written laws,
 He turned to Nature for a creed ;
 Beneath the pillared dome
 We seek our God in prayer ;
 Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
 And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
 But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt ;
 To one divinity with us he knelt ;
 Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,
 Bade him defend his violated shore.
 He saw the cloud ordained to grow,
 And burst upon his hills in woe ;
 He saw his people withering by,
 Beneath the invader's evil eye ;
 Strange feet were trampling on his father's breeches ;
 At midnight hour he woke to gaze
 Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
 And listen to his children's dying groans.
 He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
 Gave his bold bosom to the fight ;
 To tiger rage his soul was driven ;
 Mercy was not, — nor sought nor given ;
 The pale man from his lands must fly ;
 He would be free, or he would die.

And was this savage ? Say,
 Ye ancient few,
 Who struggled through
 Young Freedom's trial day, —

What first your sleeping wrath awoke ?
 On your own shores war's 'larum broke ;
 What turned to gall e'en kindred blood ?
 Round your own homes the oppressor stood :
 This every warm affection chilled ;
 This every heart with vengeance thrilled,
 And strengthened every hand ;
 From mound to mound
 The word went round —
 "Death for our native land !"

* * * * *

Alas for them ! their day is o'er ;
 Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
 The plough is on their hunting-grounds ;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods ;
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;
 Their pleasant springs are dry ;
 Their children — look ! by power oppressed,
 Beyond the mountains of the west.
 Their children go — to die !

* * * * *

But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace,
 To save his own, or serve another race ;
 With his frail breath his power has passed away ;
 His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay ;
 Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page,
 Shall link him to a future age,
 Or give him with the past a rank ;
 His heraldry is but a broken bow,
 His history but a tale of wrong and woe ;
 His very name must be a blank.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps ;
 O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
 No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend,
 To bless his coming, and embalm his end ;
 E'en that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue ;
 By foes alone his death-song must be sung ;
 No chronicles but theirs shall tell
 His mournful doom to future times :
 May these upon his virtues dwell,
 And in his fate forget his crimes !

EXERCISE XLI.

A SCENE IN A PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe !
 She is not mad who kneels to thee ;
 For what I'm now too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
 My language shall be mild, though sad ;
 But yet I'm firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

My tyrant husband forged the tale
 Which chains me in this dismal cell ,
 My fate unknown my friends bewail ;
 Oh ! jailer, haste that fate to tell !
 Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer !
 His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
 He quits the grate ; — I knelt in vain ;
 His glimmering lamp still, still I see —
 'T is gone, and all is gloom again.
 Cold, bitter cold ! — No warmth ! no light !
 Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
 Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
 Although not mad ! no, no, not mad !

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain ;
 What ! I — the child of rank and wealth, —
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends and health ?
 Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head !
 But 't is not mad ! no, 't is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
 She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;

Nor how with me you sued to stay ;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
 Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away ,
 They'll make me mad ! they'll make me mad

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
 None ever bore a lovelier child : —
 And art thou now forever gone ?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
 I will be free ! unbar the door !
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

Oh ! hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
 His chain some furious madman breaks ;
 He comes, — I see his glaring eyes !
 Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes !
 Help ! help ! — He's gone ! — Oh ! fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see .
 My brain, my brain ! — I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon shall be !

Yes, soon ; — for, lo you ! — while I speak —
 Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare !
 He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air !
 Horror ! — the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ! — I feel the truth ;
 Your task is done ! — I'm mad ! I'm mad !

EXERCISE XLII.

“ EXCELSIOR.”

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 “ Excelsior ! ”

His brow was sad ; his eye, beneath,
 Flashed ' ke a falchion from its sheath ;

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"—
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, — by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There, in the twilight cold and gray
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star, —
"Excelsior!"

EXERCISE XLIII.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Up to the strife with care,
Be thine an oaken heart!
Life's daily contest nobly share,
Nor act a craven part!
Give murmurs to the coward throng,—
Be thine the joyous notes of song!

If thrown upon the field,
Up to the task once more!
'T is worse than infamy to yield,
'T is childish to deplore:
Look stern misfortune in the eye,
And breast the billow manfully!

Close in with every foe,
As thickly on they come!
They can but lay the body low,
And send thy spirit home:—
Yet may'st thou stout it out, and view
What giant energy can do.

Soon shall the combat cease,
The struggle fierce and long,
And thine be true, unbroken peace,
And thine the victor's song:—
Beyond the cloud, will wait for thee,
The wreath of immortality.

EXERCISE XLIV.

THE MARINERS.

How cheery are the mariners,—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird whee.s
In circles, round the mast;
And sing, when, deep in foam, the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

"Agreed!" said the pair; "that will make us amends."
"Then come to my house, and let us part friends;
You shall dine; and we'll drink, on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale, —
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him noise, and restore to him rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move? —
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."
"Why, sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
"Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

EXERCISE XLVII.

THE COLD-WATER MAN.

THERE lived an honest fisherman —
I knew him passing well —
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman
A double calling had, —
To tend his flocks in winter-time,
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook;
And, though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "hook and crook."

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he ;
His angles all were right ;
And, when he scratched his aged poll,
You 'd know he 'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to " drop a line."

And many a " gudgeon " of the pond
If made to speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty " taking way."

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck, —
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And, jerking — caught a duck !

Alas ! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog ;
And being but a landsman, too,
He could n't " keep the log."

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore ; —
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He 'd baited oft before !

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear : —
A single " drop too much " of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not " sign the pledge,"
And keep his promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stark
Cold-water-man at last.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THEY laid the corse of the wild and brave
On the sweet fresh earth of the new-made grave,—
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds wave,
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows,—and they said
That he had found new hunting-grounds,

Where bounteous nature only tills
The willing soil; and o'er whose hills,
And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie
Beneath a golden sunset sky,
Where youth and beauty never die,
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done;
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones;
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept,
Over his humble sepulchre.

EXERCISE XLIX.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

OPPRESSION shall not always reign:
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain
Shall have triumphant way.

Then right shall over might prevail;
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

Even now, that glorious day draws near,
Its coming is not far;
In earth and heaven its signs appear,
We see its morning star;
Its dawn has flushed the eastern sky,
The western hills reflect it high,
The southern clouds before it fly; —
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

It flashes on the Indian isles,
So long to bondage given;
Their faded plains are decked in smiles,
Their blood-stained fetters riven.
Eight hundred thousand newly free
Pour out their songs of jubilee,
That shake the globe from sea to sea,
As with a shout from heaven.

That shout, which every bosom thrills,
Has crossed the wondering main;
It rings in thunder o'er our hills,
And rolls o'er every plain.
The waves reply on every shore,
Old Faneuil echoes to the roar,
And "rocks" as it ne'er rocked before,
And ne'er shall rock again.

EXERCISE L.

NEW ENGLAND.

NEW ENGLAND'S soil, our happy home,
The land of hardy worth,
Where plenty crowns the social board,
And love lights up the hearth!
The land of rock, and mount, and glen
Of noble streams that sweep,
Through valleys rich in verdure,
In gladness to the deep.

Blue are the arching skies above,
And green the fields below ;
And autumn fruits and summer flowers
In wild profusion grow.

The towering oak and ancient pine
The noble forests bear,
The maple bough its blossoms
Flings on the scented air ;
And flock, and herd, and waving grain,
Each slope and upland crown ;
And autumn winds from laden bough
The mellow fruits shake down ;
The waving wild flower tempts the bee,
With soft and fragrant sigh ;
And in tall ranks the glossy maize
Points upward to the sky.

No tyrant landlord wrings our soil,
Or rends its fruit away ;
The flocks upon our own green hills,
Secure from plunder, stray. .
No bigot's scourge or martyr's fires
A barbarous creed fulfil ;
For the spirit of our stern old sires
Is with their children still.
And pure to heaven our altars rise,
Upon a bloodless sod,
Where man, with free, unfettered faith,
Bows down and worships God.

Our homes ! our dear New England homes !
Where sweet affections meet ;
Where the cool poplar spreads its shade,
And flowers our senses greet ;
The lily rears her polished cup,
The rose as freshly springs,
And to the sky looks gayly up,
As in the courts of kings ;
And the vine that climbs the window
Hangs drooping from above,
And sends its grateful odors in,
With messages of love.

Then hail to thee, New England !
Thou cherished land of ours ;
Our sons are like the granite rocks,
Our daughters like the flowers.
We quail to none, of none we crave,
Nor bend the servile knee ;
The life-blood that our fathers gave
Still warms the firm and free.
Free as our eagle spreads his wings,
We own no tyrant's rod,
No master but the King of kings,
No monarch but our God !

EXERCISE LL

THE OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure—
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
When, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from that loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

EXERCISE LII.

THE THRIVING FAMILY—THE STATES.

OUR father lives in Washington,
 And has a world of cares,
 But gives his children each a farm,
 Enough for them and theirs;
 Full thirty well-grown sons has he,—
 A numerous race indeed,
 Married and settled, all, d'ye see,
 With boys and girls to feed.
 And if we wisely till our lands,
 We're sure to earn a living,
 And have a penny, too, to spare,
 For spending or for giving.
 A thriving family are we,
 No lordling need deride us,
 For we know how to use our hands,
 And in our wits we pride us;
 Hail, brothers, hail!
 Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east,
 Some, clover-fields are mowing;
 And others tend the cotton-plants
 That keep the looms a-going.
 Some build and steer the white-winged ships,
 And few in speed can mate them;—
 While others rear the corn and wheat,
 Or grind the flour, to freight them.
 And if our neighbors o'er the sea
 Have e'er an empty larder,
 To send a loaf their babes to cheer
 We'll work a little harder.

No old nobility have we,
No tyrant-king to ride us ;
Our sages in the Capitol
Enact the laws that guide us.
Hail, brothers, hail !
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have, — we can't deny
A foible here and there ;
But other households have the same,
And so, we 'll not despair.
'T will do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names, you see,
And 't were a burning shame to part
So fine a family.
'T is but a waste of time to fret,
Since nature made us one,
For every quarrel cuts a thread
That healthful love has spun.
So draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail !
Let nought on earth divide us.

EXERCISE LIII.

THE POOR MAN.

WHAT man is poor ? Not he whose brow
Is bathed in heaven's own light,
Whose knee to God alone must bow,
At morning and at night —
Whose arm is nerved by healthy toil,
Who sits beneath the tree,
Or treads upon the fruitful soil,
With spirit calm and free.

Go, — let the proud his gems behold
And view their sparkling ray, —
No silver vase or yellow gold
Can banish care away —

He cannot know the thrilling dream,
Which smiles within the cot,
Where sunny looks and faces gleam
To cheer the poor man's lot.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is wet with heaven's own dew,
Who breathes to God the heart-felt vow
Whose pledge is deep and true.
The morning calls his active feet
To no enchanting dome,
But evening, and the twilight sweet,
Shall light his pathway home.

There is a music in his ear,
In the glad voice of his child ;
His wife with hurried steps draws near,
And spirit undefiled —
Then turn not from the humble heart,
Nor scorn its cheerful tone,
For deeper feelings there may start
Than the proud have ever known.

EXERCISE LIV.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

OH ! never speak with angry tone
To one within this erring world !
Let no vindictive look be shown,
Nor be thy lip with passion curled !
For man at best is frail as dust,
And God alone is truly just.

Be kind to all, and thus fulfil
The first great duty here below ;
Let words of love their hearts distil,
To mitigate thy brother's woe ;
For though in pride and guilt he swells,
His heart its own deep anguish tells.

In the deep chambers of the soul,
 To guilt there 's no approving sound, —
 But, ever heard, with fearful roll,
 Stern truth's rebukes are echoing round,
 And ever deeper is their moan,
 As conscience feels the voice her own.

Speak kindly to the little child,
 Lest from his heart you drive away
 The light of love, whose visions mild
 Are opening like the dawn of day :
 Force not one cloud across the heaven
 A God of love to him hath given.

Speak kindly to each fallen one,
 Nor harshly judge his sinful deed ;
 There lives no soul beneath the sun
 That does not of compassion need ;
 Our race is erring at the best,
 And judgment is not thy behest.

O, who can tell temptation's power
 Upon poor souls that yield to wrong ?
 Where one may see the storm-clouds lower
 Another hears a siren song.
 My spirit loves the wind-god's wail,
 But thine may shudder at the gale.

The soul is but a waiting lyre,
 Whose deep vibrations varied are,
 Each answering to its quivering wire,
 And to the force its touches bear :
 Not careless, then, your hands should stray,
 For fearful is the harp ye play.

EXERCISE LV.

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BEHOLD ! they come — those sainted forms,
 Unshaken, through the strife of storms ;
 Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
 And earth puts on its rudest frown ;

But colder, ruder was the hand
 That drove them from their own fair land, --
 Their own fair land, refinement's chosen seat,
 Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat;
 By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
 For all, but gentle charity, renowned.

With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
 Even from that land they dared to part,
 And burst each tender tie;
 Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed,
 Homes, where they fondly hoped, at last,
 In peaceful age, to die;
 Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned,
 Their fathers' hallowed graves,
 And to a world of darkness turned,
 Beyond a world of waves.

* * * *

They come — that coming who shall tell?
 The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
 But the poor tongue in vain essays
 A fitting note for them to raise.
 We hear the after-shout that rings
 For them who smote the power of kings:
 The swelling triumph all would share;
 But who the dark defeat would dare,
 And boldly meet the wrath and woe
 That wait the unsuccessful blow?

It were an envied fate, we deem,
 To live a land's recorded theme,

When we are in the tomb:

We, too, might yield the joys of home,
 And waves of winter darkness roam,

And tread a shore of gloom, —

Knew we those waves, through coming time,

Should roll our names to every clime.

Felt we, that millions on that shore

Should stand, our memory to adore.

But no glad vision burst in light

Upon the pilgrims' aching sight;

Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;

Deep shadows veiled the way they held;

The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,

Their monument, a grave without a name.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,

On yonder ice-bound rock,

Stern and resolved, that faithful band,

To meet fate's rudest shock.

Though anguish rends the father's breast,

For them, his dearest and his best,

With him the waste who trod, —

Though tears, that freeze, the mother shed

Upon her children's houseless head, —

The Christian turns to God!

In grateful adoration now,

Upon the barren sands they bow.

What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer

As bursts in desolation there?

What arm of strength e'er wrought such power

As waits to crown that feeble hour?

There into life an infant empire springs!

There falls the iron from the soul;

There liberty's young accents roll

Up to the King of kings!

To fair creation's furthest bound

That thrilling summons yet shall sound;

The dreaming nations shall awake,

And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake!

Pontiff and prince, your sway

Must crumble from that day!

Before the loftier throne of heaven,

The hand is raised, the pledge is given —

One monarch to obey, one creed to own, —

That monarch, God, — that creed, his Word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,

Of days and deeds to reverence dear;

A zeal like this what pious legends tell?

On kingdoms built

In blood and guilt,

The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell

But what exploit with theirs shall page,

Who rose to bless their kind, —

Who left their nation and their age,

Man's spirit to unbind?

Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow ;
Where liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home !

EXERCISE LVI

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high ;
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, — once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below, —
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

Oh ! better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave :
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms, —
The lightning and the gale !

EXERCISE LVII.

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred. — EVERETT.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes:
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of Power to rest, —
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings,
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth; —
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth; —
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth !
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels !

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'T was God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers .

I quenched in blood the brightest gem
 That glittered in their diadem,
 And struck a darker, deeper dye
 In the purple of their majesty,
 And bade my northern banners shine
 Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done :
 I go to him from whom I came .
 But never yet shall set the sun
 Of glory that adorns my name ,
 And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
 When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done —
 But darker ministers of fate,
 Impatient round the eternal throne,
 And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;
 And soon mankind shall blench away
 Before the name of Attila.

EXERCISE LVIII.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

I ENVY not the mighty king
 Upon his splendid throne —
 Nor crave his glittering diadem,
 Nor wish his power my own ;
 For though his power and wealth be great,
 And thousands round him bow,
 In reverence — in my low state
 More solid peace I know.

I envy not the miser ; — he
 May tell his treasures o'er,
 May heaps on heaps around him see,
 And toil and sigh for more :
 I'd scorn his narrow, sordid soul,
 Rapacious and unjust ;
 Nor bow beneath the base control
 Of empty, gilded dust.

My wants are few and well supplied
 By my productive fields;
 I court no luxuries beside,
 Save what contentment yields.
 More pure enjoyment labor gives
 Than wealth or fame can bring,
 And he is happier who lives
 A farmer, than a king.

EXERCISE LIX

EPILOGUE:

Our parts are performed, and our speeches are ended,—
 We are monarchs, and courtiers, and heroes no more;
 To a much humbler station again we've descended,
 And are now but the schoolboys you've known us before

Farewell, then, our greatness!—'t is gone like a dream;
 'T is gone—but remembrance will often retrace
 The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
 And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you!—our gratitude words cannot tell,
 But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;
 With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
 And our feelings now thank you much more than our
 tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
 That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;
 And we hope to convince you, the next time you hear us,
 That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

EXERCISE LX.

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize;
 Who never wanted a good word,—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor, —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manner wondrous winning ;
And never followed wicked ways, —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew, —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux, and more ;
The king himself has followed her, —
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead, —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore ;
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more, —
She had not died to-day.

EXERCISE LXI.

THE LIFE-BOAT; OR, THE WRECK ON THE BLACK MADDENS.

Quick ! man the life-boat ! see yon bark !
She drives before the wind —
The rock's ahead — and, loud and dark,
The raging storm behind !
No human power, in such an hour,
Can avert the doom that's o'er her :
See ! the main-mast's gone, and she still drives on,
To the yawning gulf before her :
The life-boat ! man the life-boat !

Quick! man the life-boat! hark!—the gun,
That thunders through the air!
And see—the signal flag flies on,
The emblem of despair!
The forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her;
Ha! the ship has struck!—she's on the rock!—
And the wail comes louder and deeper:
The life-boat! man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! see—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already some—a gallant few,—
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him:
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat!—off she goes!
And as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a shout arose,
That startled ship and shore:
Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Has immortal souls within her;
More than gems or gold is the wealth untold
Thou 'lt save, if thou canst but win her:
The life-boat! speed the life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on!
The Middens darkly frown;
The rock is there—the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down;
But desperate men were battling then,
With the billows, single-handed;—
They are all in the boat!—hurrah! they're afloat!—
And now they are safely landed:
Hurrah! hurrah for the life-boat!

EXERCISE LXII.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves !
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers
With every wave that swells ;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by !
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm ;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail ;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale ;

And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shrouds,—
I see yon quivering mast:
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
White as the sea bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep!
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on—and when the morning's light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
Oh, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

EXERCISE LXIII.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs,
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, 'No.'

And thou, serenest moon,
 That with such holy face
 Dost look down upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace—
 Tell me, in all thy round,
 Hast thou not seen some spot,
 Where miserable man
 Might find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
 And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my sacred soul;
 Oh! tell me, hope and faith,
 Is there no resting place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot,
 Where mortals may be blessed,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven"

EXERCISE LXIV.

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

'T is midnight,—all is peace profound!
 But lo! upon the murmuring ground,
 The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
 Of distant wheels is heard!
 They come,—they pause a moment,—when,
 Their charge resigned, they start, and then
 Are gone, and all is hushed again,
 As not a leaf had stirred.

Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child, to be thy stay
In life's decline, — or sisters, they
Who shared thine infant glee?
A brother on a foreign shore,
Whose breast thy chosen token bore?
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
A wide, tumultuous sea?

If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright or boding seal,
On every trembling thread
That strings thy heart, till morn appears
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure 's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
Upon his distant grave!
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped, — nor death restore
Thy son from out the waves!

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,
Thy blooming bride perchance has filled
Her corner of the tomb.

May be, the home where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
In midnight's awful gloom!

And while, alternate o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief, —
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup which thou hast sent for me,
I know 't is good, prepared by thee,
Though filled with joy or grief!

EXERCISE LXV.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Has often crossed me on my way,
And sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,—
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,—
Laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
 I had myself a wound concealed, —
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him ne~~r~~ condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him midst shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked, if I for him would die;
 The flesh was weak, — my blood ran chill, —
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger darted from disguise, —
 The tokens in his hands I knew. —
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
 He spake; and my poor name he named:
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 For not, thou didst them unto me."

EXERCISE LXVI.

HOPE.

THERE 's nought which can the mind stay,
 When threatening storms portentous fall,
 Or can the mighty current stay,
 Which sweeps its waters o'er the sor
 Like Hope, sweet messenger of love,
 Which doth our deepest feelings move.

When melancholy comes like night,
 And casts its shadows o'er the mind
 When grief advances like a blight,
 And sadness follows on behind;
 Ah! then it is that Hope shines bright,
 And paints the future for our sight.

When friends desert, and kind ones chide
 And all bespeak of coming woe, —
 When envy pours its darkest tide,
 The purity of heart to flow;

Oh! then comes Hope, a beaming star,
Whose kindly rays shine from afar!

When the proud youth by poverty
Is bowed in spirit down to earth,
What is it bids his pinions try
And 'scape the overwhelming dearth,
But Hope, which, like a fancied dream,
Pours o'er his soul her silvery stream.

When all that Hope has painted bright, —
Her fancied wealth, and promised fame, —
Do disappoint our ardent sight,
And quench ambition's burning flame
E'en then she shows her deepest power,
And bears us through the trying hour.

When Death her seal stamps on the brow,
And all the soul has sought to win
O'erwhelm the mind in anguish now,
And all is bitterness within, —
Oh, then comes Hope, and points him where
His home shall be surpassing fair.

EXERCISE LXVII.

FREEDOM.

THE songs of freedom long have pealed
Above our hills and plains,
And nature loves to sympathize,
And echo back their strains.
Man ne'er was made to waste beneath
A cruel despot's sway,
To shrink with terror at his word,
And his false laws obey.

Ye nations, that in bondage writhe,
Assert the bold decree,
That liberty was made for all,
And ye will now be free!

Strike off the fetters from your limbs
 And plant your standard fair
 Upon the rock of liberty,
 To wave forever there !

America, blest land ! has found
 The boon ye well may crave ,
 And may our western breezes bear
 Its influence o'er the wave,
 Till Europe's sons shall proudly rise,
 And crush the tyrant's power,
 And dissipate the threatening clouds,
 That now above her lower !

And let their song of triumph be,
 Long live fair Freedom's cause ! —
 Long live the power that deigned to crush
 The despot's unjust laws !
 Then man shall learn to know mankind,
 And knowledge shall increase,
 And nations prize the precious gifts
 Of liberty and peace.

EXERCISE LXVIII.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

Oh ! lady, buy these budding flowers,
 For I am sad, and wet, and weary.
 I gathered them ere break of day,
 When all was lonely, still, and dreary :
 And long I've sought to sell them here,
 To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling
 For Valor's wretched orphan girls —
 Poor me, and my young sister Ellen !

Ah ! those who tread life's thornless way,
 In fortune's golden sunshine basking,
 May deem my wants require no aid,
 Because my lips are mute, unasking ;
 They have no heart for woes like mine ;
 Each word, each look, is cold — repelling ;
 Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawned,
 And fortune smiled on me and Ellen !

Oh! buy my flowers; they're fair and fresh
As mine and morning's tears could keep them!
To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling;
And, nurtured by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen!

She's sleeping in the hollow tree,
Her only home — its leaves her bedding;
And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears which she'll be shedding.
Oh! that those mourners' tears which fall,
That bell, which heavily is knelling,
And that deep grave, were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down
In life's last fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.
Unknown we've lived, unknown must die;
No tongue the mournful tale be telling
Of two young, broken-hearted girls —
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

No one has bought of me to-day,
And night is now the town o'er shading;
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnoticed and unwept, am fading;
My soul is struggling to be free —
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling!
My limbs refuse to bear their load —
Oh God, protect lone orphan Ellen!

EXERCISE LXIX.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WAKE your harp's music! — louder, — higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire
In all the pride of song!

Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
The home of liberty!
An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray
Broke on their night of woe,—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,—
Two hundred years ago!

They clung around that symbol too,
Their refuge and their all;
And swore, while skies and waves were blue
That altar should not fall!
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home—a country, and a God,—
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees:
But safe, above each coral grave,
Each blooming ship did go,—
A God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of oceaned solitude!
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,—
Two hundred years ago!

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild:
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child?

The dark chiefs yelled alarm,—and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,—
Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,—
His arm was left alone;—
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own!
Time fled,—and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,—
And cities swell where forests frowned
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! stay not to recount the tale,—
'T was bloody, and 't is past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of heaven, who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
Two hundred years ago!

Come, then,—great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave!
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each mouldering tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps!—yet louder,—higher
And pour your strains along,—
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout for those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled
Two hundred years ago!

EXERCISE LXX.

A LEGEND.

THE hunter went forth with his dog and gun
In the earliest glow of the golden sun ;
The trees of the forest bent over his way,
In the changeful colors of autumn gay ;
For a frost had fallen, the night before,
On the quiet greenness which nature wore —

A bitter frost ! — for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still ;
And so, when the sun looked out on the hills,
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days was spent ;
For the noon drew nigh ; but he came not back
Weary and faint, from his forest-track ;
And his wife sat down to her frugal board,
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown ;
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the west like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back — though the stars gave forth
Their wizard light to the silent earth ;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim,
In the earnest manner of fear, for him ;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood !

He came not back — yet they found him soon,
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and visior less sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath,
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death! — but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon:
For his brow was black, and his open eye
Was red with the sign of agony; —
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his fathers laid,
By the mossy mounds in the grave-yard shade;
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames muttered while prayers were said,
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed; and the autumn rain
And the colored forest returned again:
'T was the very eve that the hunter died;
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then.
Like a spirit-shriek, to the homes of men;
And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave!

And, every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on created things,
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,
And Cocheco's woods are yellow again,
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth
Like the howl of a demon, struggling forth!

EXERCISE LXXI.

THE HAPPY HOME.

I LOVE the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks, —
Where Virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And Vice, fell serpent! never basks;

Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whispered near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks, the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldlings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting-place so bright,
And gloomy Sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And Discord rears its front no more;
There Pity's pearly tear-drop starts,
And Charity attends the door.

No biting scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And Vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And Fashion called her senseless throng
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles, tossed by boys at play,
Disturb its still and glassy sleep,

The hours have sped in pure delight,
 And wandering feet forgot to roam,
 While waved the banners of the night
 Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
 And scents the purple morning's breath,
 May in the shades of evening fail.
 And bend its crimson head in death;
 And earth's bright ones amid the tomb
 May like the blushing rose decay;
 But still the mind, the mind shall bloom
 When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid a holier sphere,
 Where the archangel bows in awe,
 Where sits the King of glory near,
 And executes his perfect law,
 The ransomed of the earth, with joy,
 Shall in their robes of beauty come,
 And find a rest, without alloy,
 Amid the Christian's happy home.

EXERCISE LXXII.

OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

THE nation's wreath is lit with stars,
 A bright and glorious number;
 And o'er them Freedom's eagle keeps
 A watch that knows no slumber.
 In every gem that garland bears
 Their beauty hath a dwelling;
 Yet beams old Massachusetts' star
 With lustre far excelling.

A halo gilds Virginia's name,
 For Yorktown tells a story;
 New York hath Saratoga's fame,
 And Jersey, Monmouth's glory;
 Points Delaware to Brandywine,
 And La Fayette, the finger;
 And still, o'er Carolina's fields,
 Doth Eutaw's memory linger

Vermont may boast of Bennington
And Pennsylvania wonder
O'er unforgotten Valley Forge,
And Red Bank's fatal thunder.
But oh, 't is Massachusetts tells
Of Bunker's fame ne'er ending,
And guards their dust who earliest died
Their inborn rights defending.

Ay, on her 'scutcheon, blazoned high,
Read Lexington's invasion,
Where cannon-peal and rolling drum
To freedom woke a nation.
Those mossy walls, whence death-shots fell,
Like hail, upon the foeman,
Speak prouder things than Grecian fanes,
More glorious than the Roman !

They heard the knell of Britain's power,
When first in thunder given ;
They first caught Freedom's 'larum-cry,
And echoed it to heaven !
They saw the bloody fountain ope,
To seal her priceless charter ;
And heard the latest anguished prayer
Of Freedom's earliest martyr.

Time-honored Massachusetts ! thou
A sacred trust art keeping ;
For there the dust of pilgrim sires,
And patriots, is sleeping :
Their names are whispered on the hills
And murmured by the fountain ;
And tireless echoes fling them back,
From valley, rock, and mountain !

And never shall thy sons forget
The "haunted air" they 're breathing
Bold hearts shall guard the altar-fires
Their fathers died bequeathing.
While Bunker lifts its awful height,
And Boston lives in story,
Shall Massachusetts guard her trust,
And hand it down in glory.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, —
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, —
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
“Look aloft,” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft,” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart, —
Thy friends and companions, — in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft,” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil “where affection is ever in bloom.”

And oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft,” and depart.

EXERCISE LXXIV.

“PRESS ON.”

PRESS on! there 's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near; —
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward, never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on ! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch ;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero ! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on ! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they 're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on ! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she 'll be true ;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone —
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs — press on ! press on !

Press on ! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain ?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest which is born of pain.
Oft mid the forest's deepest glooms,
A bird sings from some blighted tree,
And in the drearest desert blooms
A never dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on ! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown :
Faint not ! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil !

EXERCISE LXXV.

ALL 'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL 's for the best ; be sanguine and cheerful ;
 Troubles and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful ;
 Courage forever is happy and wise :
All 's for the best — if man would but know it ;
 Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet ;
 Heaven is gracious, and — **All 's** for the best !

All 's for the best ! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
 A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove :
All 's for the best ! — be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,
 Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All 's for the best ! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man :
All 's for the best ! — unbiased, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the east to the west ;
 And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded
 Hope and be happy that — **All 's** for the best.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

THE FLOWER.

FAR in a wood, apart from men,
 Where curious eye ne'er spied around,
A little flower I chanced to ken,
 Scarce raised an inch above the ground.

Between a brooklet's banks it grew,
 Within a stone's obscuring shade,
 And there displayed its heavenly hue,
 And there a perfumed presence made.

It could not hope for flattering eye,
 So doubly hid from human view;
 Yet did not therefore droop and die,
 But sought its perfect work to do.

It took the virtues nature brought—
 Earth to its roots, and to its leaves
 The moist air, and then it sought
 The chemic tints which sunshine gives.

Thus constant grew this tiny flower,
 Absorbing every influence good,
 Till ripened in a summer's hour,
 It scattered seed throughout the wood.

Thus have I known, too, humble worth,
 Neglected, hid, and pressed by want,
 Still firm in virtue and in truth,
 Aspiring, like the lowly plant!

EXERCISE LXXVII.

UPWARD—ONWARD.

THIS your watchword, glorious one,
 While contending with your lot;
 Rest not till the race be done,
 And the glorious goal be won,—
 Upward—onward—falter not.

Onward through the mists of error,
 Fearless moving, clear the way;
 Acting right, ye 'll know no terror,
 Though the storm comes near and nearer,
 Upward—onward—watch and pray.

Sit not down in brooding sorrow,—
 Joy unseen may yet be near;
 Let your heart no trouble borrow,
 Bright the day that dawns to-morrow,—
 Upward—onward—never fear.

Action—action; time is speeding,
 And your years are short and few;
 Work ye must, the foremost leading,
 Rain and storm but little heeding;
 Upward—onward—firm and true.

From the past a lesson learning,
 Onward move, by duty led ;
 With a truthful eye discerning
 Right from wrong, nor backward turning,—
 Upward—onward—straight ahead.

Let no thought of gain or power
 Swerve you from the path of right ;
 Virtue is a diamond dower,
 Growing brighter every hour ;
 Upward—onward—day and night.

Though life's tempests round you gather,
 Tremble not, but press the road
 With firmer step, the storm you'll weather,
 Pulling heart and head together ;
 Upward—onward—trust in God.

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

ALL IS ACTION, ALL IS MOTION.

ALL is action, all is motion,
 In this mighty world of ours ;
 Like the current of the ocean,
 Man is urged by unseen powers !

Steadily, but strongly moving,
 Life is onward evermore,
 Still the present age improving
 On the age that went before.

Duty points, with outstretched fingers,
 Every soul to actions high ;
 Woe betide the soul that lingers !—
 Onward ! onward ! is the cry.

Though man's foes may seem victorious
 War may waste and famine blight,
 Still from out the conflict glorious
 Mind comes forth with added light !

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
 From the deadliest field of strife,
 Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow.
 Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward, onward, onward ever !
 Human progress none may stay ;
 All who make the vain endeavor,
 Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

EXERCISE LXXIX.

TRY—KEEP TRYING.

HAVE your efforts proved in vain ?
 Do not sink to earth again ;
 Try—keep trying :
 They who yield can nothing do—
 A feather's weight will break them through
 Try—keep trying :
 On yourself alone relying,
 You will conquer ; try—keep trying.

Falter not—but upward rise,
 Put forth all your energies ;
 Try—keep trying :
 Every step that you progress
 Will make your future effort less :
 Try—keep trying :
 On the truth and God relying,
 You will conquer ; try—keep trying.

Ponderous barriers you may meet,
 But against them bravely beat :
 Try—keep trying :
 Nought should drive you from the track
 Or turn you from your purpose back,
 Try—keep trying :
 On yourself alone relying,
 You will conquer ; try—keep trying.

You will conquer if you try—
 Win the good before you die ;
 Try—keep trying :
 Remember—nothing is so true,
 As they who dare will ever do ;
 Try—keep trying :
 On yourself and God relying,
 You will conquer ; try—keep trying.

EXERCISE LXXX.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

THIS world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
THOUGH whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dewy morn till even,
THIS world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.

THIS world in truth 's as good a world
As e'er was known to any,
WHO have not seen another yet,
And these are very many;
And if the men, and women too,
Have plenty of employment,
THOSE surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.

THIS world is quite a clever world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
IF people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
NOR seek to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
AND learn that best of lessons yet,
Always to be contented.

THEN were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it;
THE day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it;
AND all the nameless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
WOULD prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles!

EXERCISE LXXXI.

PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

WERE the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude, cold grasp of the rotting ground ;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mould above its bursting cup ;
Were it never soaked by the rain or hail,
Or chilled by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree ;
It would not spread to the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and branches fair,
To form a bower where in starry nights
Young love might dream unknown delights ;
Or stand in the woods among its peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore
Dragged from the depths where it slept of yore
Were it never cast into scorching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame ;
Were it never molten 'mid burning brands,
Or bruised and beaten by stalwart hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth ;
It would never emerge to a noble birth ;
It would never be formed into mystic rings,
To fetter love's erratic wings ;
It would never shine amid priceless gems,
On the girth of imperial diadems ;
Nor become to the world a power and pride,
Cherished adored, and deified.

So, then, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Wert thou never exposed to the blasts, forlorn,—
The storms of sorrow,—the sleets of scorn ;
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire ;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love has its roots in woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan
Or reach half way to the perfect man

Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height,
 Where wisdom purifies the sight,
 And God unfolds to the humble gaze
 The bliss and beauty of his ways.

EXERCISE LXXXII.

THE STORM.

A DROWSY stillness steals along the plain ;
 The leaves hang motionless on every tree ;
 The twittering swallow glides along the ground,
 While cautious pigeons seek the sheltering eaves.
 The geese, that o'er the green so stately stalked,
 Fly towards the gloomy west with heavy wing,
 And give a noisy welcome to the rain.
 The cattle from the hills come early home,
 And from the fallow ground the laborer turns,
 Long ere the hour of sunset, with an eye
 That reads the secrets of the heavens as well
 As though it opened first in Chaldea's land.
 Along the road the mimic whirlwind runs,
 And with its unseen fingers lifts the dust ;
 The town-returning wagon faster moves,
 And down the hill, and o'er the sandy plain,
 The village Jehu makes the coach-wheel spin,
 His horn's wild music swelling on the ear.

* * * * *

Flash after flash lights up the dreaded scene,
 And answering thunder speaks from every cloud,
 While the deep caverns of the ocean swell
 Their mystic voices in the chorus grand.
 Men sit in silence now, with anxious looks,
 While timid mothers seek their downy beds,
 And press their wailing infants to their breasts.

From her low lattice by the cottage door,
 The anxious housewife marks the pelting storm ;
 Sees the adventurous traveller onward go,
 Seeking his distant hamlet ere the night
 Adds tenfold horrors to the dismal scene.
 Swiftly the steed bounds o'er the woodland plain,
 While hope beams brightly from the rider's eye,

When lo! a crimson flash, with peal sublime,
Instant as thought, and terrible as death,
Around her bursts. Blinded she starts, then sees
Again. The horse and his bold rider lie
Hushed in the marble sleep that lasts through time;
And while the wind howls mournfully around,
The forest owns the baptism of fire.

The onset o'er, in mingled fire and hail,
Behold the rain in sweet profusion falls.
The warm shower melts the crystal drops that hide
The earth's brown bosom; and the foaming brooks
Go singing down the hills, and through the vales,
Like happy children when their tasks are o'er.
A few bright flashes, and hoarse, rattling peals,
And then, amid the broad and crimson glow,
O'er western hills, a golden spot appears,
That spreads and brightens as the tempest wanes,
Like Heaven's first smile upon the dying's face.
'T is gone; the rumbling of its chariot wheels
Dies in the ocean vales where echo sleeps;
While waves that rolled in music on the shore,
Lashed into angry surges, foam and break
In notes of terror on the rocky lee.
'T is gone, and on its bosom dark and wild,
The bow of God is hung, in colors bright
And beautiful as morning's blushing tints,
When the ark rested on the mountain top,
And the small remnant of a deluged world
Looked out upon the wilderness and wept.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

A YOUTHFUL stranger walked alone
In a great city's busiest place;
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face;
He trod that long and weary street,
Till day's last beam waxed faint and dim,
But none were nigh to cheer or greet—
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
 The rude, the beautiful, the proud;
 And felt that strange, deep loneliness
 Which chills us in the selfish crowd.
 Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
 And scorried each soft and wailing mood,
 He felt a sore and saddening throng
 Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought,
 A messenger appeared at hand,
 Who to that mourning pilgrim brought
 A letter from his own fair land.
 Eager, as if it searched a mine,
 His eye that welcome page explored,
 And as it read each glowing line,
 Hope, gladness, life, were all restored.

Yet mightier than the voice from home,
 Which nerved that drooping exile's breast,
 Those words of thine, Redeemer, come
 To calm our fears and give us rest:
 When, in some sad and sunless hour,
 We pine for smiles and tones of love,
 They bid us look, through storm and shower,
 To Thee — our Light and Life — above.

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
 And fast she leaves the lessening land,
 And from the shore the last farewell
 Is waved by many a snowy hand;
 And weeping eyes are on the main,
 Until the verge she wanders o'er;
 But from the hour of parting pain,
 That bark was never heard of more.

In her was many a mother's joy,
 And love of many a weeping fair;
 For her was wafted, in its sigh,
 The lonely heart's unceasing prayer.

And oh! the thousand hopes untold
 Of ardent youth that vessel bore:
 Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
 For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
 Of desolation doomed to flee,
 Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
 Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
 Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
 When drifting on a fatal shore?
 Vain guesses all — her destiny
 Is dark — she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form
 From glowing orb to crescent wan;
 'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
 Since from her port that ship hath gone.
 But ocean keeps its secret well,
 And though we know that all is o'er,
 No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell,
 Her fate — she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
 'T were something to the broken heart;
 The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
 And fancy's endless dreams depart:
 It may not be! — there is no ray
 By which her doom we may explore,
 We only know she sailed away,
 And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

EXERCISE LXXXV.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
 Each warring with his brother?
 Why should we, in the crowd of life,
 Keep trampling down each other?
 Is there no goal that can be won,
 Without a squeeze to gain it?
 No other way of getting on,
 But scrambling to obtain it?

O, fellow-men ! have wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call —
Your claims divide — the world is wide
There 's room enough for all."

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor ?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies
Where gold for toil is given ;
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
O, fellow-men ! remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide — where those abide
There 's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys ;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance ; —
Up ! leave your loathsome cities now,
And toil for independence.
O, hasten then, from severed den,
And lodging cramped and small ;
The world is wide — in land beside.
There 's room enough for all.

In this fair region, far away,
Will labor find employment —
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother ?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other ?
From rags and crime that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall ;
Take fortune's side — the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

TO YOUNG STUDENTS.

Toil on, young student ! thine is not
 The conqueror's laurel crown ;
 No blood is on the shining leaf
 That wreathes thy bright renown.

Toil on ! beneath no flower-decked mead
 Lies hidden golden ore ;
 And thou must delve Time's deepest caves
 To gather classic lore.

Thou seest not yet life's many paths,
 With dangers ever rife :
 Thou hear'st not yet the battle's din
 Rise from its field of strife.

But from the armory of Truth
 Choose out thy weapons keen,
 And keep them bright with daily toil,
 Till comes thy trial-scene.

As thou hast used thy gifts of youth,
 So wilt thou be repaid,
 When the white blossoms of the grave
 Are on thy temples laid.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY.

A rosy child went forth to play,
 In the first flush of hope and pride,
 Where sands in silver beauty lay,
 Made smooth by the retreating tide ;
 And kneeling on the trackless waste,
 Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
 He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
 Arch, wall, and tower — a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
 Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
 The tolling of the distant bell
 Called the boy builder home to sleep ; —

He passed a long and restless night,
 Dreaming of structures tall and fair ; —
 He came with the returning light,
 And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child
 Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
 Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
 The false and fading toys of earth.
 Gold, learning, glory — what are they
 Without the faith that looks on high ?
 The sand forts of a child at play,
 Which are not when the wave goes by.

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father — for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father — for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray ;
 His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold —
 Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother — for lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind she hath been.
 Remember thy mother — for thee will she pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
 If the dew of affection be gone.
 Be kind to thy brother — wherever you are
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister — not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

· EXERCISE LXXXIX.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child, —
Its love be sure to gain, —
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run :
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.
Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard,
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so
Oh ! win them back again : —

Speak gently ! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still !"
Speak gently ! 't is a little thing
Dwarfed in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

EXERCISE XC.

LIFE'S COMPANIONS.

WHEN I set sail on life's young voyage,
'T was upon a stormy sea ;
But to cheer me night and day
Through the perils of the way,
With me went companions three, —
Three companions kind and faithful,
Dearer far than friend or bride ;
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,
Cherry-cheeked, and stout of limb.
Though my board was scant of cheer,
And my drink but water clear,
I was thankful, blessed with him.
One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit,
Who, though storms the welkin swept,
Waking gave me calm reliance,
And, though tempests howled defiance,
Smoothed my pillow when I slept.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,
Never absent from my breast,
Brightest in the darkest days,
Kindest in the roughest ways,
Dearer far than all the rest ;
And though Wealth, nor Fame, nor Station,
Journeyed with me o'er the sea,
Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
Nought cared I, in life's young morning,
For their lordly company.

But, alas ! ere night has darkened,
 I have lost companions twain ;
 And the third, with tearful eyes,
 Worn and wasted, often flies,
 But as oft returns again.
 And, instead of those departed,
 Spectres twain around me flit ;
 Pointing each, with shadowy finger,
 Nightly at my couch they linger,
 Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, that I so blindly followed
 In the hot pursuits of wealth !
 Though I've gained the prize of gold
 Eyes are dim, and blood is cold,—
 I have lost my comrade, Health.
 Care instead, the withered beldame,
 Steals the enjoyment from my cup—
 Hugs me, that I cannot quit her,
 Makes my choicest morsels bitter,
 Seals the founts of pleasure up.

Woe is me that Fame allured me—
 She so false, and I so blind !
 Sweet her smiles ; but in the chase
 I have lost the happy face
 Of my comrade, Peace of Mind ;
 And instead, Remorse, pale phantom !
 Tracks my feet where'er I go ;
 All the day I see her scowling,
 In my sleep I hear her howling,
 Wildly flitting to and fro.

Last of all my dear companions,
 Hope ! sweet Hope ! befriend me yet ;
 Do not from my side depart,
 Do not leave my lonely heart,
 All to darkness and regret !
 Short and sad is now my voyage
 O'er this gloom-encompassed sea ;
 But not cheerless altogether,
 Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,
 Will it seem, if blessed with thee.

Dim thine eyes are turning earthwards ;
Shadowy pale and thin thy form.
Turned to heaven, thine eyes grow bright,
All thy form expands in light,
Soft, and beautiful, and warm.
Look, then, upwards ! lead me heavenwards
Guide me o'er this darkening sea !
Pale Remorse shall fade before me,
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me
If I have a friend in thee,

EXERCISE XCI.

ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was Art ! sweet Art ! New radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke —
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed ;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak — and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock — upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal ;
Fire bears his banner on the wave ;
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill ;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.

With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And proudly scorning Time's control,
 Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the sky ;
 He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
 That quivers round the throne on high.
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace ;
 His power, subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm, and race to race.

EXERCISE XCII.

TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ; —
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
 O ! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side ?
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
 And yet, bold babbler ! what art thou to Him
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains ? — A light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

PART III — DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE 1.

PERSEVERANCE.

Mother. What was it, my dear, you just told your sister, in a very discontented voice, that you could not, and would not do?

Eliza. Something my school-mistress requires of me, and which I cannot do.

Mother. Indeed! she must be an unreasonable woman, to require of you what you cannot do. Has she ever before required you to do what you really could not do?

Eliza. Why, no, mother, not very often.

Mother. Then she has, occasionally?

Eliza. Yes, I think she has, sometimes.

Mother. Well, what did you do, when she required of you what you could not do?

Eliza. I had to try, and try again, till I was almost dead with fatigue.

Mother. And did trying do any good?

Eliza. To be sure; after trying a great while, I made out to do it at last.

Mother. Then, my child, your school-mistress did not require of you what you could not do; but only what it was difficult to do; and I dare say, the very difficulty did you more good than twenty times as much of what you would call easy exercises. You have yet to learn, I see, that the conquering of difficulties will alone give you strength of mind and invention, and that the more easy your task is, the sooner you will forget it, and the less good it will do you.

Eliza. But, mother, there are some things that are not only difficult, but I do not know how to do them.

Mother. Such as what?

Eliza. I cannot write composition, and that is what I have to do. The great girls at school write about friendship, and China. I do not know anything about China; and I am sure I cannot write about friendship. What could I say about friendship, mother?

Mother. You need not write about friendship; indeed, that is not a proper subject for one of your age; but you can describe to me things which you have seen or of which you have heard, and why not put them on paper? You can write and spell, you know. I think you might compose something about this very China, that your school-mistress would be pleased with.

Eliza. Pray tell me what, mother.

Mother. Do you not remember the conversation of Captain S., who took tea with us last week?

Eliza. Yes; I think I do.

Mother. Well, cannot you tell me what it was; at least, some of it?

Eliza. I remember his saying that many Chinese families lived always on the water, in little boats; that many children were born and brought up without ever going upon land; and I could not help pitying the poor little creatures: how they must want their liberty!

Mother. Not so much, perhaps, as you suppose; as they have never known what it is to run and skip as you do over the green fields; but you may well pity them on account of their poor and untaught condition.

Eliza. I remember, too, that the women in these boats take the clothes to wash from vessels that go there; and that at the same time they work with their hands and their feet: what industrious people they must be!

Mother. It would not do, I think, for them to say, because a thing was difficult, that they could not do it. What else do you remember?

Eliza. That the Chinese are very ingenious in imitating anything they see, but that they do very little without a pattern; that an American captain, from the neighborhood of Boston, had his portrait taken in China, and that when he sat the last time, he happened to have on a coat with a patch on the elbow; the painter very

carefully put the patch on the elbow of the portrait: and one thing more I recollect—that the Chinese are very suspicious, and even afraid of foreigners; and that they do not eat with knives and forks—having something like a fear of them when brought near the mouth—but with something they call chopsticks.

Mother. Very well, my dear; now only write down what you have told me, and it will be very proper composition for you. It is not expected that one of your age can have thoughts upon such subjects as older people write upon; but you must begin by describing such things as you have seen, or about which you have heard or read; and you will, without intending it, make remarks, as you did just now, about the industry of the Chinese, and about their pitiable condition.

Eliza. I thank you, mother, for making me think that I can do something; I will try to do as you direct me.

Mother. Try sincerely, my dear, and you will find a great many things possible, and even easy to be done, which you might beforehand think yourself wholly unable to accomplish.

DIALOGUE II.

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL.

Augusta. Well, Mary, I cannot expect to be like you, nature intended that I should be only useful.

Mary. I should be very sorry, if I thought she had not made me for the same purpose.

A. Oh! you are above being useful. You were meant to be ornamental; and everybody is willing you should be so; for few can make such attainments, and those who can are not expected to be useful.

M. What do you mean by being useful?

A. Why, I mean fulfilling one's duty in the common relations of life.

M. Well, am I negligent in that particular?

A. No; I would not say that; but you do not put your whole mind into it.

M. Why should I, if I have mind enough for that and other things too?

A. Well, you are more ornamental than useful, at any rate.

M. It seems to me that you strangely limit the term useful. I suppose you mean that we are useful, only when we are making raiment for the body, or setting the house in order, or tending the sick.

A. Yes; and visiting the poor, and keeping Sunday school.

M. Well, do you propose doing this last without cultivation? Shall the blind lead the blind?

A. That requires no knowledge beyond Christian morality.

M. The highest knowledge of all, and to which all other attainments are subsidiary!

A. Well, but granting that, of what other use, Mary, are all your accomplishments? They make you very independent, I know, and much admired by certain persons; but then they render insipid other society, in which they are not appreciated, and from which you can gain nothing; and what good do they do anybody but yourself?

M. I think they do some good, when they make my father and brothers fond of being at home, and talking with me. You have often complained that you could not make home attractive to your father and brothers, and lamented the ennui of the one, and the idle amusements of the others. As to its making the sort of society of which you speak insipid to me, I know that although you spend so much time in it, it is as disagreeable to you as it is wearisome to me. You are always bringing me stories of the calumnies which are afloat about you and your friends. Now I say, that much of this wicked gossiping arises from idleness, and that if these people's minds were better furnished, their tongues would be less venomous.

A. But if we can do nothing for this society, ought we to withdraw ourselves wholly from it?

M. If we cannot raise its tone, I think it may be of some use to bear a quiet testimony, that we can find

some better way of passing our time than in tasteless, childish amusements, the monotony of which is only relieved by the most malicious backbiting.

A. I wish I could think as you do; but I have always been afraid, that if I were highly cultivated, I should not be so useful.

M. If you enlarge your views of utility, you will perhaps see that we promote it no less by ministering to the spiritual than the temporal wants of others. I cannot consider the person who gives me a beautiful thought, enriches me with a valuable truth, or leads me to take more liberal views of the capacity of the soul or the value of time, is less useful to me than that other kind of beings, who make jellies for me, and watch with me in illness, or take me to ride, and entertain me with their best cheer, when I am well. Let none of us neglect the common duties of our spheres; but if any hours be left, can we devote them better than to acquiring a knowledge of the laws of God's world, or the minds and history of his creatures? Are we not thus fitted ourselves to perform the highest kind of duty towards each other? And I do believe that, if we judiciously manage our time on earth, short though it be, there will be sufficient to enable us to be useful in the highest sense of that term, as well as in the sense in which you use it.

DIALOGUE III.

ON PRE-JUDGING.

Charles. Good-morning, Mr. Barnwell!

Mr. Barnwell. Good-morning, Charles!

C. Have you heard the news?

Mr. B. No, I have not. What's happened?

C. Why, the thief's caught at last. Mr. Parshley has taken him up, and I hope he'll get his dues now.

Mr. B. What thief are you talking about? You speak as if I knew all about the matter. I know of no thief.

C. Why, don't you know Sam Osborn? Every-

body says he's a thief; and now that he's caught, I suppose there's no doubt about it.

Mr. B. Who caught him?

C. Why, I don't mean caught, exactly, but that he's been taken up by Mr. Parshley, for stealing some money from him, and he's going to be tried before Squire Proctor to-morrow; but then I'm afraid he'll get clear, as his father is rich, and they say he's got Lawyer Townley to defend his son, and so of course they'll get him off.

Mr. B. It seems to me you draw your conclusions rather hastily. What do you mean by "getting clear," and "getting off?" Clear of what? off from what?

C. Why, from punishment in state's prison, of course. He's got a lawyer to save him from justice, and his father's rich, and lawyers, you know, will do anything for money. I've no doubt that old Townley would defend him, if he were taken up for murder.

Mr. B. But are you not prejudiced against Sam?

C. Oh, no; not in the least; though I think he's rather a bad boy.

Mr. B. Now, Charles, I think there is a little prejudice in your case. In speaking of Sam, you call him a thief without any hesitation. Now, you must either have prejudged him, or else you are informed of all the facts in the case. Now, did you see him steal the money, or have you heard a candid examination of the whole matter?

C. Why, no; I neither saw him steal the money, nor have I heard the matter examined.

Mr. B. If your father were accused of stealing, would you like to hear people call him a thief, before they had heard both sides of the story, and he had been proved guilty?

C. Certainly not.

Mr. B. Then should you not exercise a little charity toward another in a similar case?

C. Why, yes; I suppose I should.

Mr. B. You say Sam is to be taken before Squire Proctor: do you think it at all necessary that this should be done?

C. Oh yes;—he ought to be taken before some magistrate and be tried, in order to get at the truth.

Mr. B. Just so; he's to be examined, then judged; not judged and then examined. You would not think it right to hang a man as soon as he might be accused of murder, would you? Who do you think would be safe, if punishment so immediately followed accusation?

C. Well, come to think of it a little, I don't know but there would be rather a bad state of things under such regulations. I think such hanging would be entirely wrong.

Mr. B. Is it not also wrong to call a man a thief before he has been proved to be one, as well as to punish him before proved to be guilty?

C. I don't know but that it would be;—but, then, what does Mr. Osborne want to get a lawyer to defend Sam for, if he's not guilty? If he is innocent, he needs no defence.

Mr. B. I think you are hasty again; did you ever hear of such a thing as slander?

C. Yes, I believe I have.

Mr. B. What do you understand by slander?

C. I should call it an unjust accusation.

Mr. B. That's it, exactly. Did you ever hear that a person was injured by slander—in his business—which is the means of his livelihood, and the welfare of his family?

C. I have, often.

Mr. B. You recollect the case of Mr. Brewster. You know Mr. Williams said he had cheated him out of two hundred dollars; in consequence of which, Brewster's customers left him,—the town's people avoided him, and would not have any dealing with him whatever; and all this when, from evidence given in court, it was clearly proved that there was not the slightest ground for Williams' charge. Now, don't you think Brewster did right to prosecute Williams?

C. Yes, I do; he ought to have done it, in justice to himself and family, who were suffering unjustly by reason of the ignorance and prejudice of the town's

people. Still, if the town's people had not so pre-judged him, he would not have so suffered.

Mr. B. Very true; but I don't think the town's people wholly to blame in the affair. They heard Mr. Williams' story, and would have been glad to have heard Mr. Brewster's; but he would say nothing; he stood on his innocence—as if that, unknown, could be any safeguard.

C. But they ought not to have called him guilty until he had been proved so by an examination of the whole matter; and Mr. Brewster should have defended himself against the charge as best he could.

Mr. B. But I thought you said, just now, in speaking of Mr. Osborne's having engaged lawyer Townley to defend his son, that innocence needed no defence?

C. So I did, and perhaps I was wrong; but if I had said that innocence, when known, needed no defence, I should have been right. But I don't see why Osborne gets a lawyer to make the defence.

Mr. B. I will answer your question by asking another; or I will propose a question, so that your answer to mine will be mine to yours. Why do you get a tailor to make your coat?

C. Why? Why, because it's his business to make coats; he has learned how to make them, and he can make one quicker and better than I can; and it would be cheaper to get him to make it, for if I should undertake it, I might spoil the cloth.

Mr. B. The reason why Sam's father gets a lawyer to defend Sam is, that it is a part of a lawyer's business to defend the accused, and therefore he can do it, as you say, quicker and better than either Sam or his father; and cheaper too, for by reason of his knowledge and skill he could readily discover the force of the attacks,—know what kind of defence would be necessary,—easily detect the falsehoods and inconsistencies, if any, in the statements of the opposing witnesses,—learn the whole truth, both in favor as well as against his client,—compel the accuser to prove the truth of his accusation,—and see, if Sam is to be punished, that he is punished for what he has done, and not for what he

has not done; or, in other words, see that his client is justly dealt with; and that, certainly, is all that even his accusers can desire.

C. Well, I think I shall go to Squire P.'s office to-morrow, and hear Sam examined; and if he's innocent why I hope he'll be declared so.

DIALOGUE IV.

THE CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

(*Father, George, Charles.*)

Father. Well, my boys, I have been to the city, and I have brought home, for my own use, a most curious and wonderful instrument; one which displays the most perfect ingenuity of construction, and beauty of workmanship. From its extreme delicacy, it is liable to injury, and, in order to protect it, a light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided, and so contrived as to fall instantly on the approach of the slightest danger.

I have said it was beautiful in its external appearance, and it is really so; yet there is a great diversity in the different sorts. But the internal construction of all is the same, and so curious and wonderful as to excite the surprise and admiration of every one who considers it.

By a slight and sudden movement, which is easily effected by the owner, the size, color, shape, weight, and value of any article can be ascertained with considerable accuracy. Indeed, it is one of the most wonderful and useful instruments ever made.

George. If they are so very useful, I should think that every one who can at all afford it would have one.

Father. They are not so uncommon as you may suppose; I know of several individuals in this neighborhood who own one or two of them.

Charles. How large is it, father? could I hold it in my hand?

Father. It is small enough to hold in your hand: but I should be very sorry to trust mine with you!

George. You will be obliged to take very great care of it, then?

Father. Indeed, I must. I intend every night to enclose it within the small screen I mentioned; and it must, besides, occasionally be washed in a certain colorless fluid kept for the purpose; but this is so delicate an operation, that persons, I find, are generally reluctant to perform it.

But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that it may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it.

Charles. Indeed! and how high can you dart it?

Father. I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think that I am jesting with you.

George. Higher than this house, I suppose?

Father. Much higher.

Charles. Then how do you get it again?

Father. It is easily cast down, by a gentle movement, that does it no injury.

Charles. But who can do this?

Father. The person whose business it is to take care of it.

Charles. Well, I cannot understand you at all; but do tell us, father, for what is it chiefly used?

Father. Its uses are so various that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in deciphering old manuscripts; and, indeed, it has been used in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; and without it, some of the most sublime parts of creation would have been matters of mere conjecture.

It must be confessed, however, that much depends on a proper application of it; for it is possessed by many persons who appear to have no adequate sense of its value, and who employ it only for the most low and common purposes, without even thinking, apparently, of the noble uses for which it is designed, or of the exquisite gratifications which it is capable of affording.

It is, indeed, in order to excite in your minds some

higher sense of its value than you might otherwise entertain, that I am giving you this previous description.

George. Well, then, tell us something more about it.

Father. It is of a very penetrating quality; and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be owned, however, that it is equally prone to reveal them.

Charles. What! can it speak, then?

Father. It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own species.

George. Of what color is it?

Father. They vary considerably in this respect.

George. Of what color is yours?

Father. I believe, of a darkish color, but, to confess the truth, I never saw it in my life.

Both. Never saw it in your life!

Father. No; nor do I wish to see it; but I have seen a representation of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied.

George. But why don't you look at the thing itself?

Father. I should be in danger of losing it, if I did.

Charles. Then you could buy another.

Father. No, I believe that I could not prevail on anybody to part with such a thing.

George. Then how did you get this one?

Father. I am so fortunate as to be possessed of more than one; but how I got them I really cannot recollect.

Charles. Not recollect! why, you said that you brought them from the city to-night.

Father. So I did; I should be very sorry if I had left them behind me.

Charles. Tell, father, do tell us the name of this curious instrument.

Father. It is called—an EYE.

DIALOGUE V.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD COUNTRY.

Mr. Sanguine. (Alone, seated and reading a paper.) Here it is again, gold, gold, gold—nothing but California gold! I can't take up a newspaper but the first thing I see is all about the gold in California. O! how rich the people of that country must be! I really wish I was there. Well, why can't I be there? Why can't I have some of the yellow stuff as well as other folks? It can be had for the digging, I suppose. (*Rises.*) Faith, I'll go!—yes, I'll go, and set right about it.

(*Enter Mr. Prudent.*)

Mr. Prudent. How do you do, Mr. Sanguine? (*shake hands;*) am glad to see you. Any news to-day? I see you have the paper.

Mr. S. News, 'Squire Prudent?—yes, news enough—glorious news—all about the gold in California. One man digs a hundred dollars' worth in a day, another a cool thousand, while another picks up ten pounds in a single lump; and there is no end to it. I want my share, and I've just determined that I will set off and dig for it.

Mr. P. But don't be in haste, friend Sanguine. Have you considered the difficulties of such an undertaking?

Mr. S. No, nor do I wish to. What's the use of considering at all about it? I've been pounding on a lapstone long enough, and now I'm going to throw aside my awl and last, and go to digging gold, just as you would dig potatoes.

Mr. P. Your new occupation may prove to be very small potatoes to you, after all, and I advise you to take time to think of it.

Mr. S. Think of it! that's just like you, 'Squire Prudent,—you are always taking time to think of it. I have been thinking of it. I've thought how much better it is to be washing out a cool hundred dollars of yellow gold every day, than it is for me to be here

pounding pegs into sole leather for a paper dollar made of old rags.

Mr. P. But have you thought of leaving Peggy and the children? Your good wife would cry her eyes out if she thought you was going to leave her.

Mr. S. Well, let her cry;—she'll laugh enough to pay for it by and by, and the children too; I'd have you to know that I'm coming back again, and with a pretty smart lot of gold too. Then how Peggy's eyes will brighten up! The first thing I'll do after I get home will be to throw all my old crockery and spoons out of the window, and make a bonfire of all my best furniture.

Mr. P. Well, what next?

Mr. S. Why, I'll buy Peggy a thousand dollar shawl, and a diamond breastpin worth five hundred.

Mr. P. But how will your wife's dress correspond with your snug little cottage?

Mr. S. The snug little cottage? why, I'll make a pig-sty of it, and build a better house than you can find in Beacon street, I'll assure you..

Mr. P. What next?

Mr. S. (*Scratching his head.*) Well, let's see—O, that confounded old lapstone! I'll take a big sledge-hammer and break it into a thousand pieces. I'll pound it into grains no bigger than gold dust.

Mr. P. What will you do with your other tools?

Mr. S. Why, I'll run my awl into the first man that dares say I ever was a shoemaker; and, if he persists in it, I will knock him down with my last.

Mr. P. Before making any further disposal of your treasure, would it not be well to look at the difficulties of getting it?

Mr. S. Difficulties again! I tell you there's no difficulty about it. In the first place, (*counts on his fingers,*) there's the gold in California; secondly, there's a great deal of it; thirdly, I'm going to dig it; fourthly, I'll bring it home; and fifthly, I'll spend it. Isn't that good logic?

Mr. P. Capital!—but it may prove false logic, after all, for our old friend, Skipper Seago, has just come

home from the famous gold region, without a bit of gold.

Mr. S. (Scratching his head, and looking blank.) Whew! whew! you don't say so. What's the reason, hey?

Mr. P. Ah! here he comes now, and he will answer for himself.

(Seago enters.)

Mr. S. How are you, Captain Seago? *(Shake hands.)* They tell me you are right from the gold region.

Capt. Seago. Yes, and glad enough to get home again too, I can tell you.

Mr. S. Why so?—an't there any gold there?

Capt. S. Yes, gold enough, and "nothing else," as the saying is.

Mr. S. Well, what do you want anything else for, if there's plenty of gold? Won't that get you all you want, and more too, hey?

Capt. S. May be 't will here, but it won't in the gold country. I left the ship, like a fool, and spent seven months in working in the hot sun like a dog, and now I've got home without a single shot in the locker, and only wish I'd never seen any gold dust.

Mr. S. How is it that all others do so well?

Capt. S. So well, hey? I tell you, Mr. Sanguine, of the eight men who left our ship, I am the only one lucky enough to get home at all.

Mr. S. Are all the others still digging gold?

Capt. S. Ah, no! the poor fellows have all dug their own graves long ago. Our captain was sunstruck in the Sacramento, while washing gold; two more died of hard work and exposure; one died from the bite of a copper-head snake; two were robbed and murdered while on their way to the coast with their gold, and the last one was lost in the mountains, and died of starvation. I was lucky enough to reach the coast, after giving all my gold to an Indian squaw for nursing me while I had the "fever and ague."

Mr. P. So you see, friend Sanguine, there are difficulties in your way, after all.

Mr. S. Yes, and I'll be hanged if I'll go near the gold.

Mr. P. But how is it about the crockery, and the spoons, and the thousand dollar shawl, and the grand house that you was going to build?

Mr. S. Ah! 'Squire Prudent, I shall never again despise the comforts of our snug little cottage, with its humble furniture; and I am proud to say that Peggy has got more good sense than her husband, as she values the solid blessings of a New England home more than all the thousand dollar shawls in the universe.

Mr. P. I am glad to find you giving your wife credit for so much wisdom; but what are you going to do with that confounded old lapstone of yours?

Mr. S. The lapstone! why I am going to keep that lapstone, 'Squire Prudent, as my best friend; and people will yet say that Simeon Sanguine is the happiest shoemaker that ever pounded sole leather. The lapstone for me, after all.

DIALOGUE VI.

TRUE VIRTUE WILL PREVAIL.

(*Dionysius, Pythias, and Damon.*)

Dionysius. Amazing! What do I see? It is Pythias just arrived.—It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend!

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement with no other views than to pay to Heaven the vows I had made, to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice, and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dio. But why dost thou return? Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not the character of a madman to seek it thus voluntarily?

Py. I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honor and goodness forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

Dio. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself?

Py. No; I love him as myself. But I am persuaded

that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend since it was Pythias whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to deliver me from the death which was designed, not for him, but for me only.

Dio. But thou supposest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee as upon thy friend.

Py. Very true; we are both perfectly innocent; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dio. Why dost thou, then, assert that it were injustice to put him to death, instead of thee?

Py. It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myself; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

Dio. Dost thou, then, return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend, by losing thy own?

Py. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which it is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me.

Dio. And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account?

Da. I was but too well assured that Pythias would punctually return; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise than to preserve his life. Would to Heaven, that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him!

Dio. What! does life displease thee?

Da. Yes; it displeases me when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dio. It is well! Thou shalt see him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

Py. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to

submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

Dio. I cannot endure men, who despise death, and set my power at defiance.

Da. Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

Dio. No: I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life, which dreads no punishment, and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

Da. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which is not insensible to the dictates of honor, justice, and friendship.

Dio. Guards, take Pythias to execution! We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

Da. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him; be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Py. Hold, Dionysius! remember, it was Pythias alone who offended thee; Damon could not —

Dio. Alas! what do I see and hear! where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honors are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Py. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind; and they fear thee; they detest thee.

Dio. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connection so perfect. I give you your lives, and I will load you with riches.

Da. We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and,

in regard to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it, till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves, and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent, — and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

DIALOGUE VII.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

Woman. Sir, for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman !

Traveller. Whither art thou bound ?
'T is a late hour to travel o'er these downs ; —
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dreary and wild. The evening wind already
Makes one's teeth chatter ; and the very sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'T will be a bitter night !

Woman. Ay, sir,
'T is cutting keen ! I smart at every breath : —
Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end ;
For the way is long before me, and my feet, —
God help me ! — sore with travelling. I would gladly,
If it pleased God, at once lie down and die.

Trav. Nay, nay, cheer up ! a little food and rest
Will comfort you ; and then your journey's end
May make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some mournful business, then,
That leads you from your home ?

Woman. Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

Trav. He may yet live.
But if the worst should chance, why, you must bear
The will of Heaven with patience. Were it not
Some comfort to reflect your son has fallen
Fighting his country's cause ? and for yourself,
You will not, in unpitied poverty,
Be left to mourn his loss. Your grateful country,

Amid the triumph of her victory,
Remembers those who paid its price of blood,
And with a noble charity relieves
The widow and the orphan.

Woman. God reward them !
God bless them ! It will help me in my age.
But, sir, it will not pay me for my child !

Trav. Was he your only child ?

Woman. My only one, —
The stay and comfort of my widowhood ! —
A dear good boy ! — When first he went to sea,
I felt what it would come to — something told me
I should be childless soon. But tell me, sir,
If it be true that for a hurt like his
There is no cure. Please God to spare his life,
Though he be blind, yet I should be so thankful !
I can remember there was a blind man
Lived in our village, — one, from his youth up,
Quite dark ; — and yet he was a merry man ;
And he had none to tend on him so well
As I would tend my boy !

Trav. Of this be sure ;
His hurts are looked to well ; and the best help
The land affords — as rightly is his due —
Ever at hand. How happened it he left you ?
Was a seafaring life his early choice ?

Woman. No, sir : poor fellow ! — he was wise enough
To be content at home ; and 't was a home
As comfortable, sir, even though I say it,
As any in the country. He was left
A little boy, when his poor father died, —
Just old enough to totter by himself,
And call his mother's name. We two were all,
And as we were not left quite destitute,
We bore up well. In the summer time I worked
Sometimes afield. Then I was famed for knitting.
And in long winter nights my spinning-wheel
Seldom stood still. We had kind neighbors too,
And never felt distress. So he grew up
A comely lad, and wondrous well disposed.
I taught him well : there was not in the parish
A child who said his prayers more regular,
Or answered readier through his catechism.

If I had foreseen this! — but 't is a blessing
We don't know what we 're born to!

Trav. But how came it
He chose to be a sailor?

Woman. You shall hear, sir.
As he grew up, he used to watch the birds
In the corn, — child's work, you know, and easily done
'T is an idle sort of task: so he built up
A little hut of wicker-work and clay
Under the hedge, to shelter him in rain;
And then he took, for very idleness,
To making traps to catch the plunderers, —
All sorts of cunning traps that boys can make, —
Propping a stone to fall and shut them in,
Or crush them with its weight, — or else a spring
Swung on a bough. He made them cleverly;
And I, poor foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What followed, sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not, when he was older.
I warned him oft enough; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice, —
The prison or the ship.

Trav. The choice at least
Was kindly left him; and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

Woman. So I was told, sir, and I tried to think so
But 't was a sad blow to me. I was used
To sleep at nights as sweetly as a child: —
Now, if the wind blew rough, it made me start,
And think of my poor boy, tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seemed
To feel that it was hard to take him from me
For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
O, very wrong, — a murrain on his traps! —
See what they 've brought him to!

Trav. Well! well! take comfort.
He will be taken care of, if he lives;
And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

Woman. Sir, I shall want
No succor long. In the common course of years,

I soon must be at rest ; and 't is a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

DIALOGUE VIII.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death ?

Townsmen. A long parade, indeed, sir ; and yet here
You see but half ; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong further, carriage behind carriage :

Stran. 'T is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

Towns. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this ;
Only that red and green are prettier colors
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gowned worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screwed down in yonder hearse.

Stran. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

Towns. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts ;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

Stran. The camel and the needle, —
Is that then in your mind ?

Towns. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel, —
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

Stran. Your pardon, sir,

But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

Towns. Your pardon too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

Stran. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

Towns. All honest, open, honorable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

Stran. Why judge you, then,
So hardly of the dead?

Towns. For what he left
Undone:—for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed:
Bowed to no idols,—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house.
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honor his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashioned for adultery:
Never picked pockets: never bore false-witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass.

Stran. You knew him, then, it seems?

Towns. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders:
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

Stran. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

Towns. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives:—but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it,
But slime and foul corruption.

Stran. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

Towns. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man, of half a million,
Had all these public virtues which you praise,
But the poor man rung never at his door ;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, — donations to keep open
A running charity-account with Heaven : —
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch-lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

Stran. I must needs
Believe you, sir ; — these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family !
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief ?

Towns. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
The parlor-spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace ; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus ? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His pater-noster, and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.

So, from the way in which he was trained up,
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 't would still be dirt to dirt.

Stran. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honorable wealth
A bright example.

Towns. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

DIALOGUE IX.

LESSONS IN ETIQUETTE.

(Lord Tinsel, and the Earl of Rochdale, a new-made nobleman.)

Tinsel. Believe me, you shall profit by my training;
You grow a lord apace. I saw you meet
A bevy of your former friends, who fain
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—
Your table changed,—your retinue,—your horse,—
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood;—
Befits it, then, you also change your friends.

(Enter Williams, an attendant.)

Williams. A gentleman would see your lordship.

Tin. Sir, what's that?

Wil. A gentleman would see his lordship.

Tin. How know you, sir, his lordship is at home?

*Is he at home because he goes not out?

He's not at home, though there you should see him, sir,
Unless he certifies that he's at home!

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

(Williams leaves.)

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding
Than to speak the vulgar truth! — Well, sir?
(*To Williams, returning.*)

Wil. His name,
So please your lordship, Markham?

Tin. Do you know
The thing?

Roch. Right well! I' faith, a hearty fellow,
Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do
Great things with little means; so entered him
In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,
Nought smacking of his stock!

Tin. You've said enough!
His lordship's not at home. (*Williams leaves.*) We do not go
By hearts, but orders! Had he family,—
Blood,—though it were only a drop,—his heart
Would pass for something,—lacking such desert,
Were it ten times the heart it is, 't is nought!

(*Enter Williams.*)

Wil. One Master Jones hath asked to see your lordship.

Tin. And what was your reply to Master Jones?

Wil. I knew not if his lordship was at home.

Tin. You'll do.—Who's Master Jones?

Roch. A curate's son.

Tin. A curate's son? Better be a yeoman's son!
How made you his acquaintance, pray?

Roch. We read
Latin and Greek together.

Tin. Dropping them,—
As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done,—
Drop him.—You'll say his lordship's not at home

Wil. So please your lordship, I forgot to say,
One Richard Cricket likewise is below. [dale!

Tin. Who? Richard Cricket? You must see him, Roch—
A noble little fellow! A great man, sir!
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!
I won five thousand pounds by him.

Roch. Who is he?
I never heard of him.

Tin. What! never heard
Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him!
Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket; you

May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.
His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

Roch. Bid him wait in the ante-room.

Tin. The ante-room!

The best room in your house! You do not know
The use of Richard Cricket! Show him, sir, [needs
Into the drawing-room. (*Williams leaves.*) Your lordship
Must be upon the turf; and you'll do well
To make a friend of Richard Cricket.—Well, sir,
What's that? (*To Williams, returning with a paper.*)

Wil. So please your lordship, a petition.

Tin. Hadst not a service 'mong the Hottentots
Ere thou cam'st hither, friend? Present thy lord
With a petition! At mechanics' doors,
At tradesmen's, shopkeepers', and merchants' only
Have such things leave to knock! Make thy lord's gate
A wicket to the workhouse! Let us see it—
Subscriptions to a book of poetry!
Who heads the list? Cornelius Tense, A.M.,
Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works
Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,
And is a conjuror in philosophy,
Both natural and moral.—Pshaw! a man
Whom nobody, that is anybody, knows.
Who think you follows him? Why, an M.D.,
An F.R.S., an F.A.S., and then
A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,
Ushering in an LL.D., which means
Doctor of Laws,—their harmony, no doubt,
The difference of their trades! There's nothing here
But languages, and sciences, and arts,—
Not an iota of nobility!

We cannot give our names. Take back the paper,
And tell the bearer there's no answer for him:—
That is the lordly way of saying "No."
But, talking of subscriptions, here is one
To which your lordship may affix his name.

Roch. Pray, who's the object?

Tin. A most worthy man!

A man of singular deserts; a man
In serving whom your lordship will serve me,—
Signor Cantata.

Roch. He's a friend of yours?

Tin. Oh no, I know him not; I've not that pleasure.
But Lady Dangle knows him; she's his friend.
He will oblige us with a set of concerts, —
Six concerts to the set. — The set three guineas.
Your lordship will subscribe?

Roch. Oh! by all means.

Tin. How many sets of tickets? Two at least.
You'll like to take a friend? I'll set you down
Six guineas to Signor Cantata's concerts;
And now, my lord, we'll to him, — then we'll walk.

DIALOGUE X.

SCENE FROM THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

DUKE.

JUDGE.

SHYLOCK, the Jew.

ANTONIO, the merchant.

BASSANIO, the merchant's friend.

GRATIANO, " " "

(*Enter Judge.*)

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Judge. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Judge. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Judge. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —

You stand within his danger, do you not? (*To Antonio.*)

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Judge. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Judge. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shyl. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Judge. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shyl. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Judge. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes; here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong;
 And curb this cruel demon of his will.

Judge. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established;
 'T will be recorded for a precedent;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shyl. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
 O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Judge. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shyl. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Judge. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shyl. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice.

Judge. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shyl. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you, by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment; by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Judge. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shyl. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Judge. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Judge. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shyl. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond. Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Judge. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shyl. I have them ready.

Judge. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shyl. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Judge. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

* * * * *

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Judge. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shyl. Most rightful judge!

Judge. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shyl. Most earned judge!—A sentence: come, prepare!
(*Approaches Antonio.*)

Judge. Tarry a little ;— there is something else.
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh ;
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge !— Mark, Jew : O learned [judge !

Shyl. Is that the law ?

Judge. Thyself shalt see the act :
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge !— Mark, Jew ; a learned judge !

Shyl. I take this offer, then ;— pay the bond thrice .
 And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Judge. Soft ;
 The Jew shall have all justice :— soft !— no haste ;—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Judge. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh ; if thou tak'st more,
 Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair, —
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Judge. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shyl. Give me the principal and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Judge. He hath refused it in the open court ;
 He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shyl. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Judge. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
 To be so taken at thy peril. Tarry, Jew :
 The law hath yet another hold on you
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice. —

If it be proved against an alien,
 That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou standest:
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke!

DIALOGUE XL

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

Lady.

Why wouldst thou leave me, oh, gentle child?
 Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
 A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall;—
 Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture forever streams.

Boy.

Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long, bright hours of the summer day;
 And they find the red cup-moss where they climb;
 They chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

Lady.

Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell!
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
 Flutes on the air in the stillly noon,—
 Harps, which the wandering breezes tune,
 And the silvery woodnote of many a bird,
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Boy.

My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
 She sings it under our own green tree,
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee;

I dreamt last night of that music low, —
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

Lady.

Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door;
Come with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Boy.

Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play;
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well:
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams flow:
Lady, sweet lady! oh, let me go!

Lady.

Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side
And the stream where the fairy barks were tried; —
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.

Boy.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill? —
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still;
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee;
The waters leap, and the fresh winds blow, —
Lady, sweet lady! oh, let me go!

DIALOGUE XII.

THE BETTER LAND.

Child.

I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?

Mother.

— Not there, not there, my child!

Child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

Mother.

— Not there, not there, my child!

Child.

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?

Mother.

— Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom—
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
— It is there, it is there, my child!

DIALOGUE XIII

SCENE FROM THE "LITTLE MERCHANTS."

(*Piedro and Francisco.*)

Piedro. This is your morning's work, I presume, and you'll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough.

Francisco. Not before my father thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself.

P. I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too, without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here; (*showing money*;) all this was had for asking; it is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.

F. I should be ashamed to beg or borrow either.

P. Neither did I get what you see by begging or by borrowing either, but by using my wits—not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised side of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom.

F. Wisdom I think it, still.

P. And your father?

F. And my father.

P. Mine is of a different way of thinking: he always tells me, that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day, that my father could not sell yesterday, in the market. Got it off for fresh, just out of the river—got twice as much as the market-price for it; and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a good one, if you would have let him. You'll allow I am no fool, Francisco, and that I am in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.

F. Stay,—you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit of me, because he will know I shall not cheat him. So you will have lost a customer, and I gained one.

P. With all my heart. One customer does not make a market: if he buys no more, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples.

F. And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?

P. If they will be only so good as to give me leave. "Venture a small fish to catch a large one!"

F. You have never considered, then, that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time.

P. Ay, in time; but it will be some time first: there are a great many of them,—enough to last me all summer, if I lose a customer a day.

F. And next summer, what will you do?

P. Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do, before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in, and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish,—what then? Are there no trades, then, but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me—as my father says? What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in their market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?

F. I think not. But I think the children would find it out in time, if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.

P. I don't doubt that; then, in time, I could, you know, change my trade, sell chips and sticks in the wood-market; hand about lemonade to the fine folks, or twenty other things; there are trades enough for a man.

F. Yes, for the honest dealer, but for no other; for, in all of them, you'll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are, at last.

P. And what am I, pray? The whole truth of the matter is, that you envy my good luck, and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. "It's better to be lucky than wise," as my father says. Good-morning to you; when I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid donkey with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, honest Francisco!

F. Not quite so well; unless you were honest Francisco, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily

DIALOGUE XIV.

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

(*Orlando and Jaques.*)

Jaques. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you, too, for your society.

J. God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

O. I do desire we may be better strangers.

J. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

O. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

J. Rosalind is your love's name ?

O. Yes ; just.

J. I do not like her name.

O. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

J. What stature is she of ?

O. Just as high as my heart.

J. You are full of pretty answers : have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

O. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

J. You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

O. I will chide no brother in the world but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

J. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

O. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

J. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

O. He is drowned in the brook ; look but in and you shall see him.

J. There shall I see mine own figure.

O. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

J. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love. *(Exit Jaques.)*

O. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

DIALOGUE XV.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

Sophronia. Come, girls, let us go and have our fortunes told.

Eveline. Oh! I should like it of all things; where shall we go?

Sarah. Let us go to old Kate Merrill's. They say she can read the future, as well as we do the past, by hand, tea-cups, or cards. Come, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann. Excuse me, girls, if I do not go with you. I do not think it is right to have our fortunes told.

Soph. Not right? Why not?

M. A. Because, if it had been best for us to know the future, I think God would have revealed it to us.

Sa. Oh, but you know this is only for amusement.

E. Of course, we shall not believe a word she says.

M. A. If it is only for amusement, I think we can find others far more rational and innocent. But depend upon it, girls, you would not wish to go, if there were not in your minds a little of credulous feeling.

Soph. Well, I am sure I am not credulous.

M. A. Do not be offended, Sophronia; I only meant that we are all of us more inclined to believe these things than we at first imagine.

Sa. I think that Mary Ann is right in this respect. I am sure I would not go if I did not think her predictions would come to pass.

M. A. Certainly; I could not suppose you would spend your time and money to hear an old woman tell you things you did not believe.

E. Well, I am sure I do not see any harm in having a little fun once in a while.

Soph. No; and I think it is very unkind in Mary Ann, to spoil our pleasures by her whims. She is always preaching to us about giving up our own way for the comfort of others, and I think she ought to give up now, and go with us.

Sa. Now, really, Sophronia, I think you are the one that is unkind. If Mary Ann is wrong, it is better to convince her of it kindly, and I am sure she will acknowledge it.

M. A. I hope I should be willing to give up a mere whim for the pleasure of those I love so well. But this is not a whim; it is a serious conviction of duty.

Soph. Well, I thought you always pretended to be very obliging.

M. A. I have no right to be obliging at the expense of what I deem duty. Our own inclinations we should often sacrifice, our prejudices always, but our sense of duty never.

E. I think, girls, we have done wrong to urge Mary Ann to go, after she had told us her reasons.

Soph. Well, then, don't spend any more time in urging her to go, against her will. You know the old proverb, — "The least said is soonest mended."

E. Well, do not let us go away angry or ill-natured. You asked Mary Ann to say why she thought it was wrong, and we should receive her reasons kindly.

Sa. So I think; but I wish she would tell us what harm she thinks it would do us to go.

M. A. Well, girls, I think, by trying to look into the future, we are apt to grow discontented and restless, and to forget that we have duties to perform in the present. Then, if we do not believe in it, it is a waste of time and money, which might be better employed in relieving the sufferings of the poor around us. But the greatest evil of all is, that we should believe even a part; — she would, of course, tell us many little circumstances, which would be true of any one; thus we might be led to believe all she said; the prediction would, probably, work out its own fulfilment, and, perhaps, render us miserable for life.

Soph. Oh, fudge! Mary Ann. This is altogether too

bad and ungenerous in you. In the first place, the few cents we give, bestowed as they are on a poor old widow woman, are not wasted, in my opinion, but well spent; and if I spend an evening granted me, by my father and mother, for recreation, in listening to Old Kate, it is no more wasted than if I spend it with the girls in any other social way. And when you connect fortune-telling and our duties in the present, you make it too serious an affair. Remember, this is all for sport.

M. A. It may be so with you, Sophronia; but there are those who seriously believe every word of a fortune-teller, and actually live more in the unseen but expected events of the future, than in faithfully performing their duties in the present. This is true, Sophronia. The contentment and peace of many young minds have been utterly lost—sold for the absurd jabbering of old, ignorant, low-bred women, who pretend to read the future. (*In a livelier tone of voice:*) But just say, girls, do you believe there is any connection between tea-leaves and your future lives?

All. Why, no!

M. A. Do you believe God has marked the fortunes of thousands of his creatures on the face of cards?

All. Certainly not.

M. A. Well, do you believe, if God should intrust the secret events of the future with any of our race, in this age, it would be with those who have neither intellectual, moral, nor religious education,—who can be bribed by dollars and cents to say anything?

Sa., E. No, indeed!

M. A. (*Turns to Sophronia.*) You do not answer, Sophronia. Let me ask you one or two more questions. Do you suppose Kate Merrill believes that she has a revelation from God?

Soph. No, Mary Ann.

M. A. Do you suppose she thinks you believe so?

Soph. Why, yes, I do.

M. A. Then is it benevolent to bestow money to encourage an old woman in telling for truth what she knows to be false?

Soph. I doubt whether it is really benevolent.

M. A. And if Old Kate speaks falsely, and knows she does so, and you know it, yet spend your time in listening to what she has to say, what good can come of it to head or heart?

Soph. None at all, Mary Ann. It is time wasted; and I am convinced that I have been doubly wrong in wishing to go, and in being angry with you. Will you forgive me?

M. A. Certainly, Sophronia. And now, if you wish for amusement, I will be a witch myself, and tell your fortunes for you.

Soph. Oh, do tell mine; and be sure you tell it truly. What lines of fate do you see in my hand?

M. A. (*Takes her hand and looks at it intently.*)

(*To Sophronia :*)

Passions strong my art doth see,—
Thou must rule them, or they rule thee;
In the first, you peace will know;
In the last, woe followeth woe.

Sa. Now tell mine next.

(*To Sarah :*)

Too believing, too believing,
Thou hast learned not of deceiving;
Closely scan what seemeth fair,
And of flattering words beware.

E. Now tell me a pleasant fortune, Mary Ann.

(*To Eveline :*)

Lively and loving, I would not chide thee;
Do thou thy duty, and joy shall betide thee.

Soph. Thank you, Mary Ann, for the lessons you have given us. We can now, in turn, tell your fortune, and that is,—Always be amiable and sensible, as now, and you will always be loved.

DIALOGUE XVI.

ABOUT SCHOOL.

George. Well, James, have you no school to-day?

James. No, there is no school for me, unless I find a "school of fish."

G. Then will you go with me and see our new teacher, and see how pleasantly we get along?

J. Not I; you don't catch me going to school when I can stay at home, I tell you.

G. Why so? don't you like to go to school?

J. No; I wish there was no such word as school; I hate the very sound of it.

G. Do your parents know you stay away so often?

J. Do they know it? Why, do you think I let them know everything I do?

G. Certainly; you ought not to do anything against their wishes. You know how hard your parents try to have you get a good education, and when they send you to school, how can you play truant? Perhaps you think they will know nothing about it; and possibly they never may. But remember, James, that there is one who sees you, and that is God. When you are tempted to do wrong, consider long enough to say,—
“THOU GOD SEEST ME.”

J. I want none of your preaching, nor do I care for what my parents think or wish. I can take care of myself yet, I assure you.

G. But just consider how much you owe your parents. They do all they can for you, and desire nothing so much as your good, and your happiness. Do reflect before you decide to cause them pain.

J. You can talk as much as you please, but it won't do me any good; so you may as well march along.

G. Well then, I will not stay to talk to you any more. I only hope that you may yet be wise for yourself.
Good-by. (*Exit.*)

(*John enters.*)

J. Good-morning, John; I am glad to see you. That George Wilson has been here preaching to me about going to school, and he thinks it is very wicked for us not to ask our parents if we can stay at home. He says if we go on playing truant we shall surely suffer, sooner or later; and if we neglect our privileges now we shall be sorry when we become men. I treated him coldly, and told him his preaching would not do me

any good; so he said "Good-by," and went trotting off to school, I suppose.

Jn. Well, James, do you not think George intended to do you good? Was not his advice good? And would you not be all the happier if you would do just as he wished you to do? I am inclined to think that if we wish to be happy and useful we must go to school, obey our parents, and try to do right in all respects.

J. Why, John, what's the matter with you? You seem to be mighty scrupulous, all at once,—I think George must have made a convert of you.

Jn. George has not been talking to me, nor have I seen him recently. But I am fully convinced that the only way to happiness and usefulness is in doing right in all things; and I am resolved, henceforth, to abandon all wrong ways. You and I, James, have often been disobedient and truant boys; and I entreat you to reflect before you do wrong again. Let us both see how much we can henceforth do to make our school a useful and happy one.

J. Well, John, I feel that I have done wrong, and I mean to try to correct all bad habits and to be good, useful, and happy.

Jn. I hope, from this hour, we may be more virtuous, more obedient in every respect, more worthy members of school and of society. If we are so we shall ever look back to this moment as one of the happiest of our lives.

DIALOGUE XVII.

DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

(Doctor seated at a table, and Patient enters.)

Patient. Good-morning, doctor. I have called to consult you respecting some complaints with which I have been troubled for some time.

Doctor. Please be seated, sir; it will afford me pleasure if I can be of any service to you. What are some of the complaints to which you allude?

P. Well, I can hardly describe them to you. I feel

heavy and languid much of the time, and frequently have a sensation of lizziness, and much of the time an unpleasant feeling at my stomach,—a kind of nausea.

D. In order more fully to understand your case, and what it will be necessary for me to do for you, I shall wish to ask you a few questions respecting your mode of life. What is your occupation?

P. I am a lawyer, sir.

D. What are your habits respecting exercise? Do you make it a practice to take a regular and sufficient amount of exercise?

P. Why, I cannot say that I am very regular in this particular. On some days I take a great deal of exercise, and on others little or none.

D. I suppose you mean that in one day you sometimes take enough for a week or month.

P. Well, I don't know as I should say so exactly, but that all the exercise I get for a week or month is often taken in a single day.

D. I understand you. How is your appetite?

P. Pretty good, generally, though I am quite a temperate eater.

D. At what hour do you breakfast, and what do you usually eat, at that time?

P. I generally breakfast at about eight o'clock; and I usually eat two or three warm rolls, three or four eggs, a little ham or salmon, and drink three or four cups of coffee.

D. Do you not also eat a piece or two of pie and cake, taste of preserves, &c.?

P. Why, yes; but I don't consider them anything.

D. A very moderate breakfast, surely. How is it with your dinner?

P. My dinner is usually very simple and plain. It consists of a little soup, some fish, a little boiled or roasted meat, a piece of turkey or chicken, and a few vegetables, followed by some pudding and pies.

D. What is your drink at dinner?

P. Generally about three glasses of ale and a small bottle of cider.

D. Do you take anything during the afternoon?

P. I usually drink a bottle of porter, and smoke a few cigars, and sometimes eat a few crackers with cheese.

D. A very temperate man, certainly. Of what does your supper consist?

P. My suppers, doctor, are still more simple. I eat a few warm cakes, with some toasted cheese, and a few oysters. These, with pie and cake, and three or four cups of tea, serve for my supper.

D. Do you eat anything in the evening?

P. Nothing of consequence. I sometimes eat a few apples, nuts, and raisins, and occasionally, an ice-cream, or a few oysters.

D. At what time do you retire?

P. Generally as early as twelve, and sometimes earlier.

D. Do you sleep well?

P. Not always. I am frequently troubled with dreams; my sleep is rather disturbed.

D. What is your practice respecting bathing? Do you indulge in frequent ablution?

P. Why, yes; I bathe, at least, twice every summer, and if the weather is quite warm, more than that.

D. Well, sir, I think I understand your case and the cause of your complaints, and I must be plain with you. According to your own account, you pay no attention to exercise, and seldom bathe. Then you are exceedingly intemperate, both in regard to food and drink, and in all respects you are negligent and irregular; except that you are regularly excessive in the indulgence of your appetite. The wonder is, that you are able to move at all.

P. Why, doctor, I did not come here to be abused and insulted, but to get cured.

D. I have not abused you, but have only told you how you abuse yourself. This I must do before I can prescribe for you.

P. Can you help me, that's the question?

D. Not unless you will assist me by helping yourself. My advice is this:—Be temperate in all things, take exercise regularly and cheerfully, bathe often, and do all the good you can.

P. Just such advice as I might have expected from you, and just such advice as I shall not regard; it is worthless!

D. Of course, you will do as you think best, but this I must say, that unless you thoroughly change your mode of life your time on earth will be short.

P. Good-day, doctor; the world is full of humbugs: and if things go on as they have done, a man will soon be obliged to spend half his time in a bath, and live on air and sawdust. I go for temperance, but not for starvation; for cleanliness, but not for water-soaking.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

A WAY TO "RAISE THE WIND."

Dumps. (Alone.) Well, here I am — only fifty dollars in my pocket, and the lowest price of a passage to California is one hundred and twenty-five. I should not mind the rains and rattlesnakes at the Isthmus, or a winter passage round the Cape, or even a friendly social-starvation party by the way of Santa Fe, where the Indians are in the habit of officiating in the double capacity of field-drivers and overseers of the poor. But these gold stories — eighteen dollars an ounce — six or eight ounces a day — and no getting there, — that's what troubles me! — Ah! here comes Handy. If I only had that fellow's assurance, or one half of his talents, I'd soon get the passage-money.

(Enter Handy.)

Good-morning, Mr. Handy!

Handy. How are you, my old boy? Why, it seems to me you appear rather dumpish this morning!

Dum. I don't know how that is; but my business prospects, I confess, are not very encouraging at present.

Han. Well, that is a pretty good one! Business prospects and the dumps to a young fellow of five-and-twenty! If your pockets are getting light, why don't you replenish them, hey?

Dum. That is precisely what I was puzzling about, but I have not been able to find an opportunity.

Han. Suppose you try medicine?

Dum. What! take medicine for an empty pocket?

Han. Take medicine! Nonsense! Who ever heard of a doctor's taking medicine? What I propose is, that you turn quack-doctor, if you choose to call it so. Come out in the newspapers with an account of some wonderful discovery, back it up with certificates that go a little beyond anything that has ever been heard of, and, aided by that doleful countenance of yours, you may soon have "a coach and four."

Dum. A most capital idea! Now, if you will only manage the preliminaries, get the thing fairly under way, and then act as a sort of travelling-agent, I shall be willing to share the profits with you, and here is something to pay expenses. (*Hands him a bank bill.*)

Han. Agreed! I'll soon have the papers ready. (*Exit.*)

Dum. (*Alone.*) Well, Handy understands how to "raise the wind," and no mistake! I was just ready to rob somebody, that I might get enough to go to California; but here's a plan which, if well managed, will bring me the gold dust, without the labor of digging. I shall yet be a rich man, if Handy does but manage well. But here he comes, with all things arranged.

(*Reënter Handy, with a bundle of papers.*)

Han. Well, doctor, the certificates are all prepared, and to-morrow morning an account of your wonderful discovery will appear in the newspapers. Just read these.

Dum. (*Reads a paper from the bundle.*) "Doctor Von Humboldt most respectfully announces"—Doctor Von Humboldt! who is he, I should like to know?

Han. Why, you would not have it Dumps, would you?—Dr. Dumps! How would that sound?

Dum. Oh! I understand it. (*Reads.*) "Doctor Von Humboldt most respectfully announces to the people of this country, that after about thirty years of the most profound investigation, he has succeeded in discovering the method by which lobsters have, for a great many years, been in the habit of renewing such parts of their bodies as have suffered amputation in consequence of their warlike and pugilistic propensities, and it having occurred to the doctor, in the course of his meditations,

that their peculiarly ruddy and healthful appearance was owing to the effect of this medicine upon the system, he has succeeded in concocting a liquid, which is as superior to that, in its renovating effects, as is the dazzling effulgence which illuminates the intellect of this enlightened community to the faintest glimmer that ever twinkled in the brain of a lobster. He would beg leave to present a few of the many certificates he has received since his arrival in America. From a large number which have been received, unsolicited, he would call the attention of a discriminating public to the following:—

From the Hon. Peter Abraham, a member of the *bar*, and formerly an alderman.

"I hereby certify, that I have been, for the last thirty years, afflicted with an incurable disorder, which has baffled the skill of all our most eminent physicians. I have neither been able to sit, stand, nor lie down; my sight and hearing had entirely left me, and, for the last three years, all parts of my body were covered over with ulcers. In this situation I happened to see an account of your wonderful medicine, and hearing that one of my neighbors had been cured by a single bottle, I immediately called on one of your agents, and the consequence is, I am now able to attend to my business as usual.

"PETER ABRAHAM."

From William Barkmill, Esq., once a distinguished citizen of Albany.

"I, William Barkmill, do testify and say, that my son John, while sitting on a rock near the railroad, where he was amusing himself with witnessing the labors of the workmen who were blasting rocks, was very suddenly blown up into the air with gunpowder, and when he came down, which was on the 13th of Sept. last, all appearance of humanity was so entirely obliterated, that but for a jack-knife which on such occasions he was in the habit of carrying in his vest pocket, I should not have had the satisfaction of knowing him.

"Under the circumstances, when even a coroner's jury would have found nothing to sit upon, I applied a few

drops of your invaluable medicine, when, wonderful to relate, he immediately turned somersets over the tan vats and lime pits that surrounded him, scampered off home, and in about twenty minutes afterwards he was splitting wood in the yard as if nothing had happened.

"PETER BARKMILL."

"This will certify, that I, Joseph Weavel,"—What 's that old Drunken Jo?

Han. Exactly so; and he was to have been here before now to sign the certificate. He is the only real man I have been able to get to begin with. Ah, here he comes!

(Enter Weavel.)

Weavel. *(With a tremulous tone.)* Now, Handy, I'll just take that half dollar, if you please, and sign the certificate. But let me hear you read it first.

Dum. Certainly. *(Reads.)* "This will certify, that I, Joseph Weavel, was troubled for more than twenty years with a weakness in the back and legs, and an occasional dizziness, which made me, at times, unable to walk about, yet, notwithstanding I set my face against all rum measures,"—

Wea. Stop! stop! I never interfered in that way with other people's business. My doctrine is—

Han. Mr. Weavel, that certificate is literally correct. I saw you set your face against a rum measure last night in the grocery, and it was not-with-standing, for you was so drunk you could not stand.

Wea. Oh! now I understand it. Go on.

Dum. "Notwithstanding I set my face against all rum measures, I continued to grow worse, so that for several years I could not raise my hand higher than my mouth; my face became so much swollen that I could not see; my nose had the color and appearance of a lobster's claw, and I was deprived of my rest so much that even my neighbors could not sleep at night. Being fortunate enough to procure a bottle of your medicine, I had taken but a few drops, when my complaints entirely left me, and I am, at this time, as well and as good-looking as I was at the age of twenty."

Han. That is all right, I believe, Mr. Weavel.

Wea I s'pose so, all 'cepting the getting well. (*Signs his name.*)

Han. Yes; as you say, it is substantially correct. We always add a little, you know, by way of embellishment.—But, doctor, we shall not be able to read any more of these certificates now, for I must be away and attend to their publication. They'll take, and no mistake; or if these do not, we'll fix some that will. Meet me here to-morrow and everything shall be arranged.

DIALOGUE XIX.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Charles. Well, David, I suppose this day may be called the last of our school days, and in a short time we shall cease to be scholars. How do you feel about this?

David. I must confess, friend Charles, that I cannot suppress a feeling of sadness when I reflect that I am so soon to leave school, never to return. I have spent many a happy hour in this room, and now my only regret is that I have not been more diligent, and more attentive to the rules of the school, and to the kind advice of our teacher.

C. True, David, we can at this time look back upon many little acts that were not altogether right, and we cannot help feeling sad. But the past cannot be brought back. The future is before us, and it becomes us to be faithful in the great school of life in which we must be pupils until death. We must either contribute to the weal or woe of the community, and it remains for us to decide whether our example and influence shall be found on the side of virtue and truth, or of vice and error.

D. Yes, and an important question it is for us to decide. I begin to feel that it is really a momentous thing to live, and my earnest desire is that I may be enabled to know and do my duty at all times, and in all particulars. Life, as you observe, is a school time, and its lessons, if rightly conned, will afford us pleasure

here, and prepare us for a future existence. I trust we may enter this school with a strong and sincere desire to be true to our own best interests, and to those of all around us.

C. Our teacher, you know, has often said that all misspent time, or misimproved privileges, would, sooner or later, cause us sorrow, but I never felt the force of this so truly as now. It seems to me that all the errors of my whole school life crowd upon my mind at this moment. It is my heart's desire that a retrospective view of these errors may incite me to greater fidelity in all future life.

D. I am glad to hear you talk so, friend Charles; I think our feelings are much alike, and as we enter upon life's busy scenes may we not greatly assist each other? I hope we may be true friends in all particulars.

C. You may be assured that I shall esteem it a privilege to consider you my friend, and I promise now that I will do all I can to assist you in all your good efforts, and I desire that you will be a true friend to me, and frankly tell me of all my faults, for which I think I shall be truly grateful. Our best friends are those who assist us in correcting our errors.

D. I will certainly try to do what I can for you, and I hope we may both succeed in our good endeavors. Let us be wise for ourselves, and try so to live that the world may be the better from our influence and our example.

C. Right, David; and if we do so we shall enjoy more true happiness in this world, and, in some degree, become prepared for a future existence. May we strive to

“Do good; shun evil: live not now
As if at death our being died;
Nor Error's siren voice allow
To draw our steps from truth aside;
Look to our journey's end — the grave!
And trust in Him whose arm can save.”

